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Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2402 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 2 1946

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FORTTS

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Volume CLXXXIV No. 2402 The SPHERE, London, February 2, 1946

THE SPHERE
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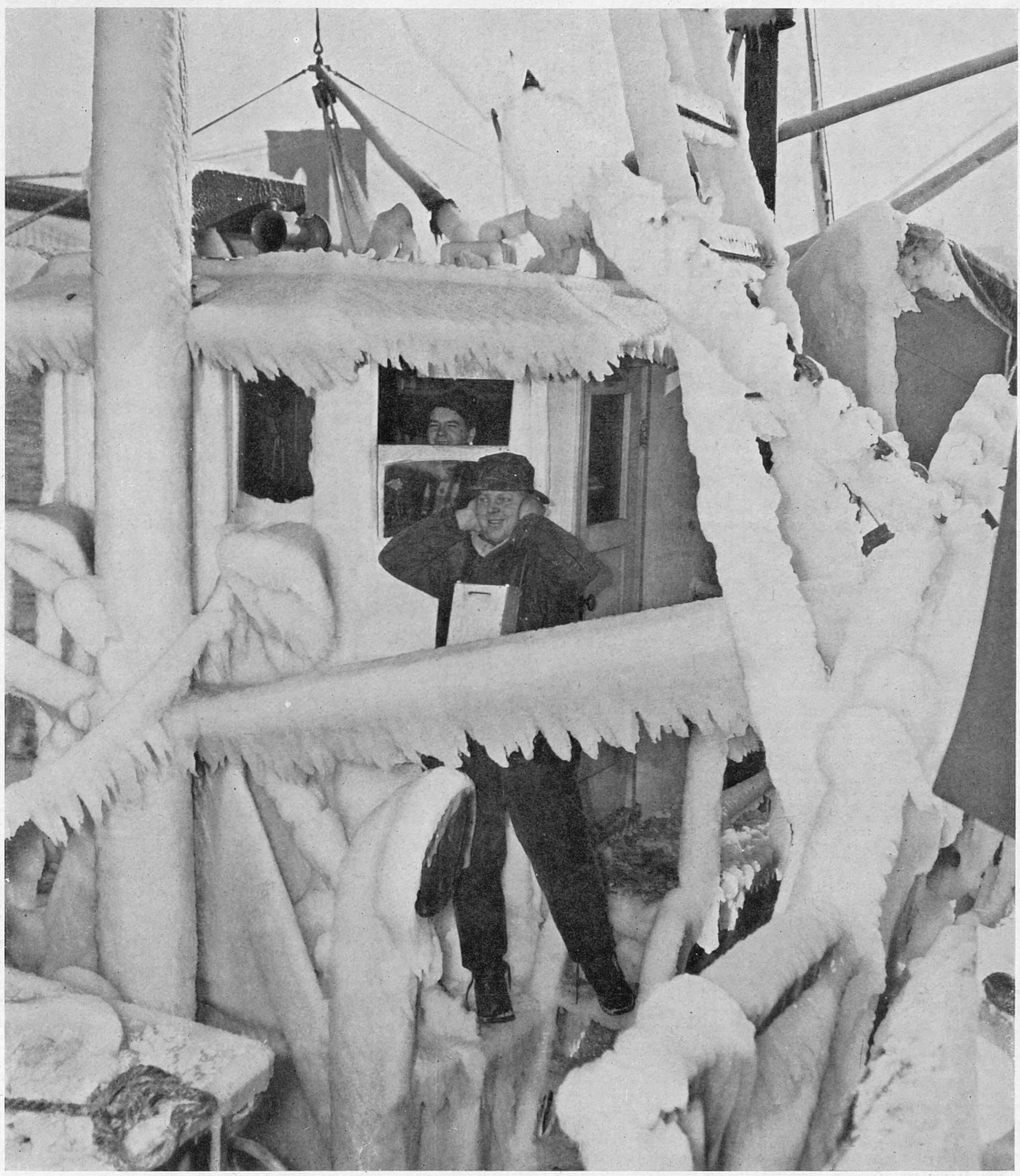

WINTER RULES IN NEW YORK — A SCHOONER ARRIVES AT FULTON MARKET FROM THE FISHING BANKS IN THE ATLANTIC WITH ICE-BOUND DECK AND RIGGINGS, while a member of the crew protects his ears from the icy Arctic winds

While Britain has enjoyed a spell of freak weather, sub-tropical air spreading from the Azores to give us the warmest January night on record, America has been truly in winter's grip. At the Fulton Fish Market, New York, the fishing-vessels have unloaded under great difficulties, the wintry blasts out on the fishing-grounds having turned the flying spray into a solid coating of ice on deck and riggings. On New York's North River there have been great icecakes, some as much as 50 ft. in diameter, blocking the tideway and causing pilots to exercise additional caution. Similar conditions have prevailed throughout the eastern seaboard, and, with strikes and threats of strikes as an added burden, the American citizen has been watching uneasily the first weeks of 1946

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

U.N.A. Progresses.—Soon enough, a rival debating society will open up again in Westminster. Parliament reassembles with an important and full agenda; not comparable perhaps in importance with U.N.A.'s, but hardly less overloaded. The Government's agenda has a far better chance of being carried through than U.N.A.'s, for the reason that the Government can any day command an overwhelming majority to pass any measure it proposes. Ergo, the achievements and progress of U.N.A. are the more remarkable and commendable and cheering. Her majority is never certain, never to be whistled up at will. Voting is hedged about by ratios and not dictated by publicity. The ballot is always likely to spring surprises. It is fair to say that U.N.A. has advanced along the road set her more swiftly, more unanimously, more smoothly, than the most optimistic forecast. Even the first fences of atomic energy and trusteeship have been cleared by all the field in the Grand International, and the Becher's Brook of Persia looms less fearfully ahead on that account.

Responsibility of the Press.—Britain, in the discussions of U.N.A., stands out for ventilation. The kind of bridge we are trying to build across the abyss is a game of bridge in which all cards are placed face upwards on the table. It is not yet the game played or welcomed by all the nations assembled. It is the right game, the only game. Civilisation cannot afford to close this session of the whist drive with undisclosed cards or hidden trumps. Ventilation of every cupboard, the unearthing of every grievance, are essential now. But ventilation implies the existence of miasma, and most of it is the result of self-poisoning, deliberate and unnecessary. It stresses the enormous responsibility which rests on the Press to-day. One-half of the suspicion and sense of grievance which obsesses the statesmen and peoples of Europe to-day is induced by the publication of unfounded rumours and of unsifted reports of wrongs done and injustices winked at in Europe to-day. Editors have an overriding duty not only to sift all reports, but to pin down and expose and dispose of all such grievances and injustices which have no basis in fact or are unsupported by evidence. The Russian Press and the American Press are worse offenders in this respect than the British, and, as ever, the Press of the smaller nations, and especially the Balkan, needs constant discipline and restraint. Half the work of the Assembly would be cancelled out if the Editors of the World's Press were to-day co-operating with U.N.A. in a spirit of forbearance, tolerance, broadmindedness and determination to play the game and build the bridge which alone can span the abyss.

The Palmerston Touch?—Mr. Bevin grows on me. If this be not the British Bulldog for whom we have prayed, where shall we find him? We have applauded a score of times pleas put forward that in diplomacy Britain should stand forth with courage and dignity and a sense of her own high prestige and clear conscience, to bring the truth into the open, to ventilate suspicions and slanders and grievances, to stand up for the small nations, to co-operate with Russia and America, not on bended knees, but upright and foursquare. And now we have a Foreign Secretary who does these things; bluntly, yet tactfully, because he does them with obvious sincerity. The Palmerston touch? No. There is no characteristic rashness in Bevin's methods. He does not trail his coat because he believes in his star or loves a gamble. He believes in frankness and is ready to grasp the nettle wherever it strangles the truth. This man stands for and speaks for the Britain we mean to become or to remain. I think we had all had enough of diplomatic phrases and flowery nothings, and I think we are glad of plain, blunt words and men; and are prepared to face the consequences of bluntness, *now*, when the sincerity of the nations to co-operate for peace and security must be tried out and proved. To-morrow it will be too late. The time is *now*. Bevin realises it, and Bevin grows on me.

General de Gaulle.—Using the threat of resignation as a weapon is a dangerous expedient; and I think the political history of many nations would confirm this view. That threat challenges the universal law that *no man is indispensable*. Which law is absolute. All men (and supermen) die at last, but the State continues. It was so in America at Roosevelt's death. And Britain, too, carries on without Churchill. Mr. Churchill once rattled the sabre of threatened resignation, but I fancy he saw it was a dangerous weapon, and he would not have used it again. General de Gaulle used it several times. It has one immediate reaction, common to all challenges: it stimulates resistance. It induces opponents of spirit to "call the bluff." Worse still, it challenges the indispensability which the threat implies. That might be all very well with a Churchill in 1940 or a Roosevelt in 1941-42. But not with a de Gaulle in 1946. The General had, and has, high qualities and has deserved well of his country. But none will list him among the Cæsars and the Pitts; and he has handicaps of a serious kind. France must be in a poor way indeed if she cannot throw up an adequate successor to the mantle of de Gaulle, whenever the need arise. That is but a generalisation, for I should say that France *is* still in a bad way in domestic politics. And economically she is in so parlous a state that the things first needed to be done lie altogether outside the field of party. They are clear to the eye in principle, if hard to achieve. If de Gaulle's successor must be found among the party caucuses in the Government, it looks as if Cabinets will follow one another swiftly in France as in the '30s. For a man as upright and clear and patriotic as de Gaulle, resignation must be less a gesture than an impulse, his uncontrollable loathing of party tactics in the present crisis. That impulse has led him, apparently, who refused to abandon France to Nazism, to abandon her to caucuses and cliques. And he leaves his efforts for Army reform unaccomplished.

Progress?—M. Gouin has formed his Cabinet on the three-party basis. His slogans are "Drastic economy" and "Death to the Black Market." He will sacrifice defence to save the franc. This last policy might favour the come-back of de Gaulle, if the bulk of the nation, preoccupied with bare existence, were not indifferent to defence measures. In America, some of the strikes have petered out or been postponed or settled themselves. I forecast the possibility that in Britain we were taking a gloomier view of industrial troubles in the U.S. than the Americans themselves. But the steel strike—the key strike—has still to be solved. Persia has a new Government. Her policy appears to be "the best of two possible worlds." While her appeal to the U.N. remains on the Agenda, she will open direct negotiations with Russia, as Russia desires. Whether this means more or less headache for U.N.A., I cannot judge. It looks like meaning loss of face. Greece has some money to play with, supplied by the British taxpayer, as an act of gratitude—and faith. And we in Britain have economic security on paper, for what it is worth, and discover that we have signed a blank cheque, made out to the Cabinet, to finance half-a-dozen new measures for our betterment, drafted with a speed that has no parallel in political history. The loose ends, the discrepancies, the omissions, the doubtful points, all to be tidied up, explained, fought-over and amended, in nationalisation, social insurance, trade disputes and so forth, seem to stretch ahead interminably. But God is on the side of the Big Battalions and Labour rules for some time to come with an iron hand. It will be Law first and Order (or disorder) afterwards.

GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE'S RESIGNATION IS READ BY HIS SUCCESSOR: M. Felix Gouin, the Socialist President of the French Assembly, announcing to the Assembly the official news of de Gaulle's surprise decision to retire from the Government and to leave the political field. In the subsequent negotiations, M. Gouin was chosen by an overwhelming vote of the Constituent Assembly as the new head of the Government. He then began the work of cabinet-making, and, in common with his predecessor, he has had the difficult task of keeping the balance between the Socialists, Communists, and Popular Republicans. M. Gouin, who is aged sixty and was a leader of the French Resistance Movement, was sent by his party in 1942 to join General de Gaulle in London, where he arrived after being interned in Spain for several months. Last week he announced a new austerity programme as the only solution to the national economic problems. Meanwhile, General de Gaulle retired to the country, shutting himself off from all political associates

The Task of Governing.—One is always being surprised by events, prophecies are forever fool's-capped. It is odd: at the moment of writing, it seems to be a less difficult task to re-order civilisation than to govern a single State. International order and discipline—tasks assumed to be for supermen—appear to advance more smoothly and constructively than domestic discipline and order. Indeed, Britain and Russia appear to be, among the larger Powers, alone possessed of Governments which can more or less govern and construct. Mr. Attlee has a large working majority and, on the whole, a co-operative, patient and hopeful nation to drive. And M. Stalin is as strongly entrenched, behind the veil, as ever—so far as we know. But in America, government appears to halt. It is dot and carry, backwards, forwards. Mr. Truman's row grows daily harder to hoe, and his reputation falls as troubles increase. France has a new Government. Perhaps she also will confound the prophets. Her new Government looks like the mixture as before, but without the operative grain of calomel. But perhaps she has found the man, or perhaps the caucuses are ashamed of playing ball while Paris starves. As for China, the news is one day hopeful, next day dubious, third day gloomy. It 's a large country and we know no more about it than we know of Russia. And China is far more complex in her permutations.

A Winter's Tale.—Looking back on the late cold snap (not so very cold a snap as snaps go), I came to a conclusion which may seem to some readers mere selfish casuistry, but to others, like myself, a point worthy of consideration. Under ideal conditions of government, where every Minister concerned had time to spare to the psychology of his sphere of national activity (quite impossible, of course, under present critical conditions), it might well be that the Cabinet would wisely meet to consider more critically the pros and cons of prolonging war-time austerity as severely as at present. We are bankrupt, or nearly so. Europe is shivering and starving and snarling. Decency demands that we should continue to go without luxuries, and even some necessities. But exactly how far? If three-quarters of the world are numb and helpless and unable to contribute to rehabilitation, is it profitable, on the broad view, to hamstring the 25 per cent. of potentially active helpers? We in Britain are *potentially* active restorers. We are hamstrung by the axe of austerity. Shortage of labour, transport, communications, food and fuel, and the constant preoccupation with forms and queues and licences and permits, so mortgage our business hours and the energy we could put into them, that the world's potential 25 per cent. of active help *turns out* but 10 per cent. That is a fact, and a grim one. In the past fortnight (in my own small and unimportant niche) I can truly say that I have been hamstrung by austerity. The sheer necessity of keeping my house from freezing up and my circulation from coagulation reduced my powers of concentration on my day's work by 60 per cent. If that is true of a mere man-of-the-pen, it is as true (and of far more concern) of men more actively engaged in constructive work.

THE OLD STAGER

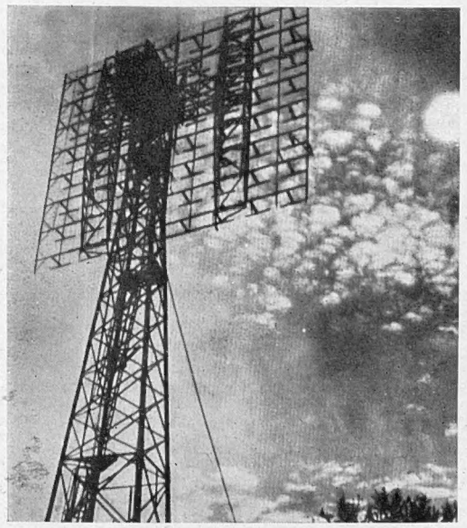
EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

LONDON POLICEWOMEN MAKE A MASS RAID : A sergeant checks an identity card in an Oxford Street amusement arcade. A picture taken during the operation on Friday of last week, when there was a complete comb-out by women police in the Marble Arch and Edgware Road area. Although only six women wanted for crime were caught, a number of girls in their teens were escorted to their homes, and others, whose homes were outside London, were temporarily detained until their parents arrived to fetch them

THE NOTORIOUS OTTO ABETZ GIVES EVIDENCE IN A PARIS TRIAL : The former German Ambassador to Vichy testifies in the witness-box at the Palais de Justice on behalf of Jean Luchaire, the Paris newspaper editor and father of Corinne Luchaire, the film actress. Luchaire, who is seen leaning over the dock, was sentenced to death after a three-day trial, in the course of which the court heard the long and sordid story of his friendship and collaboration with Abetz. Luchaire, wholly corrupt in his motives, worked for the Germans from the first day to the last day of their occupation of France. As late as August 1944 he is known to have urged that de Gaulle should be sentenced to be militarily degraded and shot

BRITISH M.P.s VISIT AUSTRIA : Gaining first-hand knowledge of conditions in the new Republic. Brigadier Verney with members of the Parliamentary party at the Arsenal, Vienna, where they saw arrangements for storing food and fuel. From left to right in this picture are the following—Dr. S. W. Jeger (Labour, St. Pancras), Brigadier Verney, Mrs. Ayrton-Gould (Labour, Hendon), Air Commodore A. V. Harvey (Conservative, Macclesfield), Mr E. L. Gandar Dower (Conservative, Caithness), Mr. P. Daines (Labour, East Ham), and Mr. M. Orbach (Labour, East Willesden). Another Parliamentary party is now engaged in touring India

RIOTING IN BOMBAY : Members of a mob advancing through tear-gas to attack a police officer (right) who had laid down the gas with the object of dispersing them. The trouble began when the police tried to divert a procession celebrating the birthday of Subhas Chandra Bose, former head of the Japanese-sponsored "Government of Free India." The demonstration was heading for the Muslim area of the city when the police intervened. The mob stoned the police, who used bayonets, rifle fire, revolvers and tear-gas. The rioters set fire to cars, smashed shops and built barricades in the street. Eventually the police charged with fixed bayonets



RADAR CONTACT WITH THE MOON—THE U.S. WAR DEPARTMENT'S EXPERIMENT : This special broadcasting equipment was used by scientists of the U.S. Army Signal Corps at Belmar Laboratory, New Jersey, in an attempt to make radar contact with the moon. Waves of ultra-high-frequency energy were shot into space at the speed of light, and echoes were unmistakably detected about two-and-a-half seconds later. The moon is 239,000 miles away from the earth

SCOTTISH CURLERS DEFY THE THAW : The Cupar Provincial Bonspiel in progress at Lindores Loch, near Newburgh, Fife, when curlers forgathered to hold their first meeting since 1940. During the day a sudden thaw set in and, although conditions were far from good, the match went on, and no fewer than thirty-two rinks were in action. Curling has been practised in Scotland for close on 400 years, but it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the circular stone appeared and rules were laid down as to weight and size. The game is controlled by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which administers the laws and arranges the larger competitions

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Re-bridging the Po: Milan's Chinese Workers: A Franciscan's Amazonian Mission: America and the Panelised Home: Planes for All in California

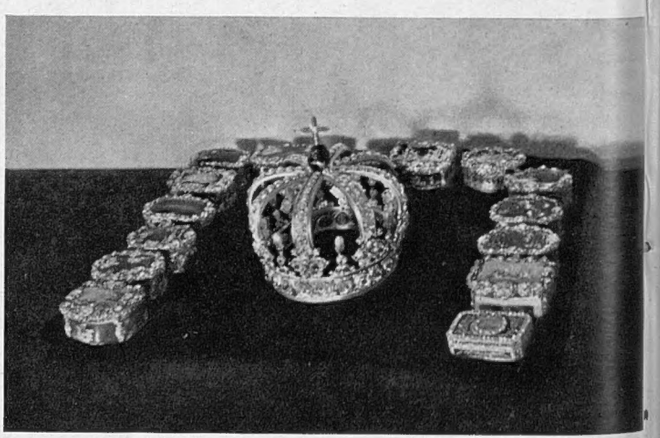
RE-BRIDGING THE RIVER PO: Pile-driving craft at work in midstream as a temporary structure is erected to carry Lombardy's north and south traffic. On the right is a broken span of the old bridge

SHARPENING THE GREAT PILES FOR THE PO BRIDGE: German and Italian labour, supervised by men of the Royal Engineers, is being used for reconstructing this vital link between Lombardy and Central Italy. The sturdy piles, which are being sunk into the river, are pointed with axes and then shod with steel to facilitate driving through hard ground. Work on this temporary bridge will be completed by the end of next month, adding a vital rail link at a time when lines of communication are being sorely tried in Italy. Control in Lombardy has now passed from the Allies to the Italian administration, but small groups of Allied officers are still remaining in each province

SHANGHAI IN MILAN: Two members of the city's Chinese colony and an Italian girl making handbags, an art in which they are highly skilled. Altogether there are about 400 Chinese living in Milan

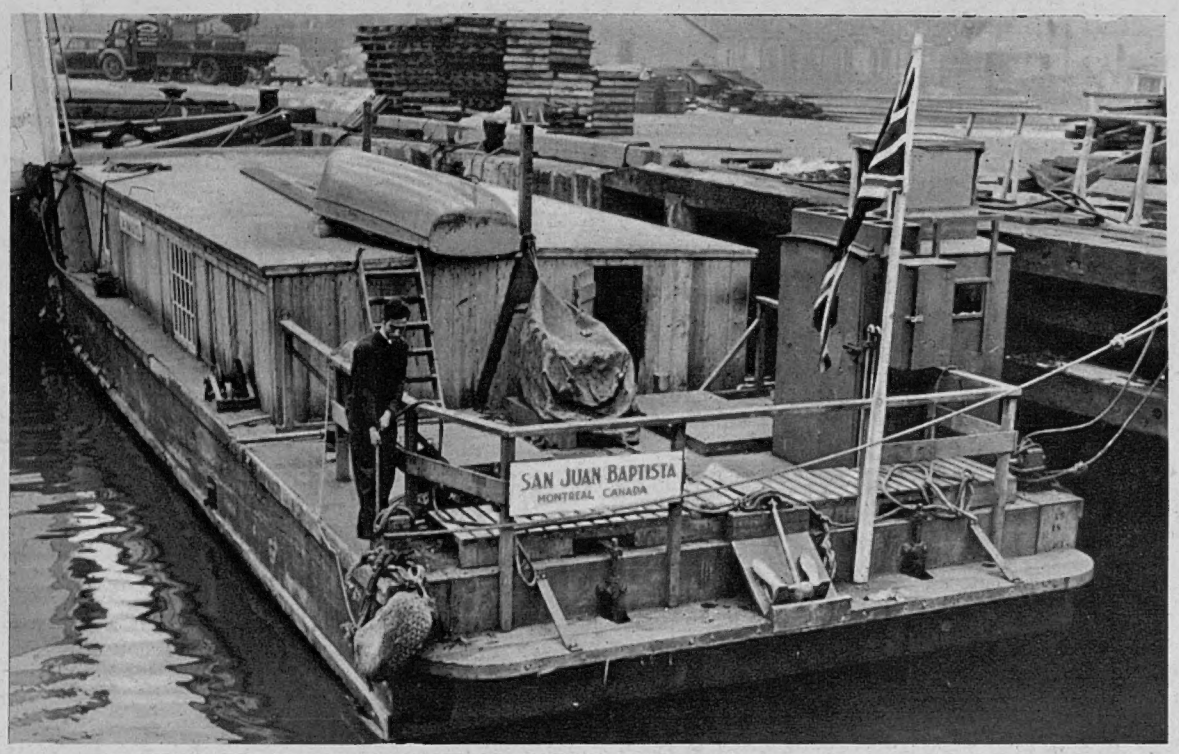
THE TRIBULATIONS OF RAIL TRAVEL IN SOUTHERN ITALY: What many travellers have to endure if they wish to make a journey. Not only are the roof-tops of the goods vans crowded, but the buffers and other protruding portions provide a precarious hold for those who are willing to run the risk of accident. There are many reasons for this overcrowding, including shortage of trains through absence of fuel. In addition, large numbers of Displaced Persons have been flocking into Italy during past months

FINERY FOR THE MILLION: Members of Milan's Chinese colony producing neckties at one of their factories in the city, where they do a very large trade with retailers of fancy goods. For some reason Milan has for long attracted Chinese artisans, and those that have come to Northern Italy and settled in the small Chinese area of the city have quickly established a reputation for their hard work, honesty and skill. A certain number of Italian girls are employed in the Chinese workshops, and there have been many instances of intermarriage between the races. In the upper picture on this page an Italian girl is seen engaged in bag-making with two Chinese. She has been quick to adapt herself to the secrets of the trade



PRUSSIAN CROWN JEWELS ARE BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN THE BREMEN AREA: A crown and fifteen snuff-boxes found in the crypt of the Kleinen Church. The snuff-boxes, richly encrusted with jewels, are known to have belonged to Frederick the Great and formed part of the regalia. The crown may be only a replica of that worn by Frederick, but it is known to have been in the possession of the Hohenzollerns. Prince Oscar of Prussia was recently asked to inspect the jewels, but could not express himself as to the crown's histo

REAR-ADMIRAL HUSBAND KIMMEL TELLS THE STORY OF PEARL HARBOUR : The man who commanded the U.S. Pacific Fleet at the time of the great disaster takes the oath before giving evidence in front of the Pearl Harbour Investigation Committee in Washington. Admiral Kimmel denied responsibility for the debacle, declaring that the general war warning he had had from Admiral Stark, his immediate superior at the time, contained no hint of a possible attack upon the Hawaii naval base



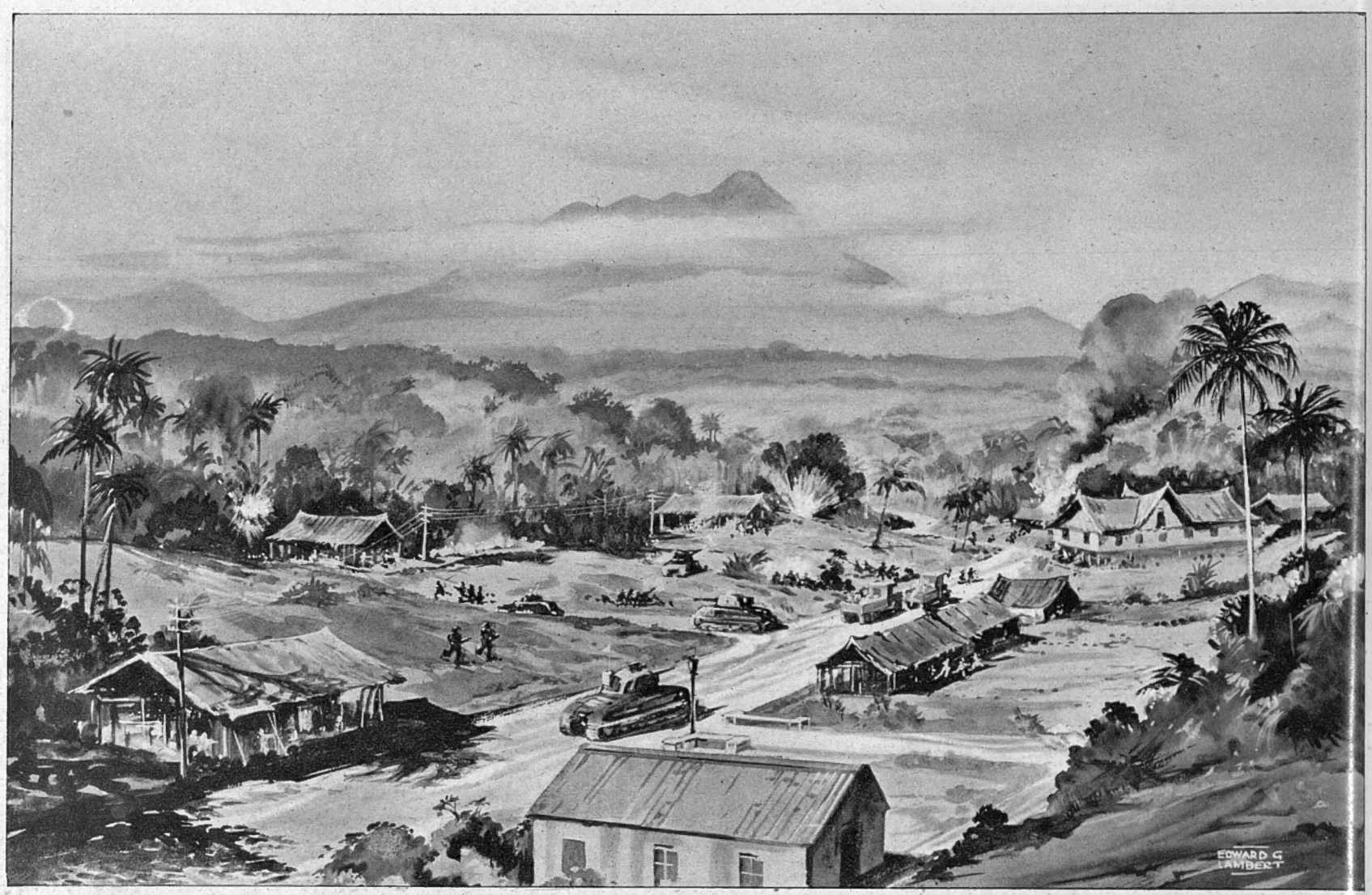
TO CRUISE THE AMAZON IN SEARCH OF CONVERTS : This military landing-barge has been purchased by the Reverend Jean Baptiste Langlois, a fifty-four-year-old Franciscan missionary, and he plans to convert it into a floating mission church. Father Langlois saw the barge on the St. Lawrence River, near his native town of Sorel, Quebec, and after protracted negotiations bought the craft from the Canadian War Assets Corporation. When the necessary alterations have been made and a chapel has been set up in the hold, the barge will be transported to South America, where Father Langlois will begin his crusade, "carving beachheads for God," as he declares, "in a region where missionaries have seldom before penetrated"

A CONCERT STAR CHOOSES THE MONASTIC LIFE : Garbed in the simple robes of a Franciscan Friar, Jose Mojica, one-time Mexican singer and idol of thousands, chats with two visitors to the monastery where he now lives at Cuzco, Peru. Mojica declares that the monastery has given him true peace since he renounced his fame and fortune to take the vows of priesthood. He plans in the near future to devote his life to missionary work among South American jungle Indians

AMERICA FAVOURS THE PREFABRICATION PRINCIPLE AS AN EMERGENCY MEASURE : Part of the 20-acre experimental site which has been opened at Washington, D.C., to demonstrate how temporary homes erected at great production centres during the war can be quickly dismantled, transported to other towns, and be re-erected to meet America's current housing shortage. The Federal Public Housing Authority is carrying out the work, and reckons to have each home ready for occupation within ninety days of the sections arriving on the site. New York City, where the shortage is particularly acute, has already ordered more than 2,000 of these "panelised" homes to meet the needs of returning Servicemen and their wives who are clamouring for accommodation

NIGERIA WELCOMES HER RETURNING SOLDIERS : Men of the Royal West African Frontier Force, some of whom had not seen their homes for three or more years, disembarking at Lagos, where they received a great reception from relatives, friends and members of the general public, headed by the Governor of Nigeria. These men have been serving in India and Burma, and they played a vital part in the final great drive through Mandalay to Rangoon. Being used to equatorial conditions, they did not experience the same acclimatisation troubles as did the British soldier

ACRES OF PRIVATE PLANES LINED UP AND WAITING FOR BUYERS : The scene at Ontario Aerodrome, California, where former Army bomber training machines and other types are being offered to the general public at bargain prices. The planes shown here are "Cessnas," two-motored cabin models which can be bought for £1,700 by civilians and for 20 per cent. less by all Service personnel. Though a boom in private flying is confidently expected in the United States, so many thousands of young men having acquired a knowledge of piloting and navigation during the war years, there is at present only a moderate demand for these machines, despite their low cost



MOPPING-UP IN WEST JAVA—COMBING OUT THE TERRORISTS AT BUITENZORG: British tanks, supported by infantry and artillery, going into action against Indonesian insurgents after they had fled from the Governor's Palace. The area was sealed off and a complete comb-out led to the arrest of the leader and the discovery of a bomb factory—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

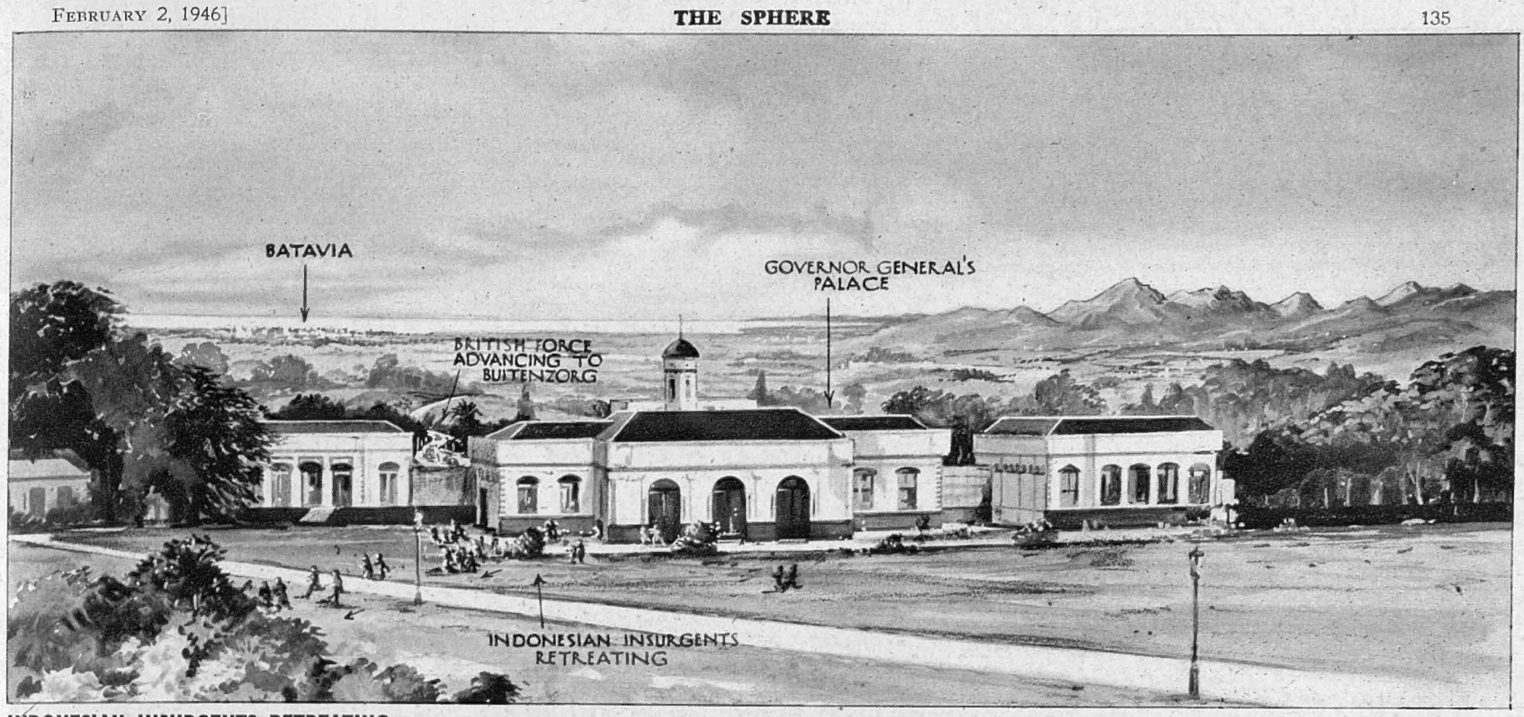
BRITISH TANKS IN AN INDONESIAN BATTLE

The Cordon Round Batavia, and Other Aspects of General Christison's Drive to Create Law and Order

Lieut.-General Christison's demand for the institution of law and order throughout West Java led to an immediate drive against insurgents in the Buitenzorg area south of Batavia, the task being entrusted to Brigadier Mellsop's 36th Indian Infantry Brigade. After the terrorists had been driven from the Governor's residence, as shown on the next page, Brigadier Mellsop made his headquarters in the building and then sealed off the district. Armoured elements of the 13th Lancers, a battery of 3rd Field Regiment and infantry then went into action and carried out extensive mopping-up operations, which resulted in the capture of the Indonesian leaders and in the discovery of a factory containing large stocks of explosives in the course of being made into bombs. The Buitenzorg area has quite evidently been a hive of extremist activity, and until these highly necessary mopping-up operations took place, snipers were regularly active in the region, taking toll of the Dutch, Eurasian and Chinese civilians, and also of a number of our troops

BATAVIA'S PURGED POLICE: Two members of the new force which has come into being as a result of General Christison's intensive drive to restore law and order in Western Java. Troops of the 23rd Indian Division made a surprise swoop on all Batavian police-stations, and those police suspected of terrorist collaboration were arrested and replaced by sound men. Members of the new force, comprising British, Dutch and Indonesian elements, wear special brassards

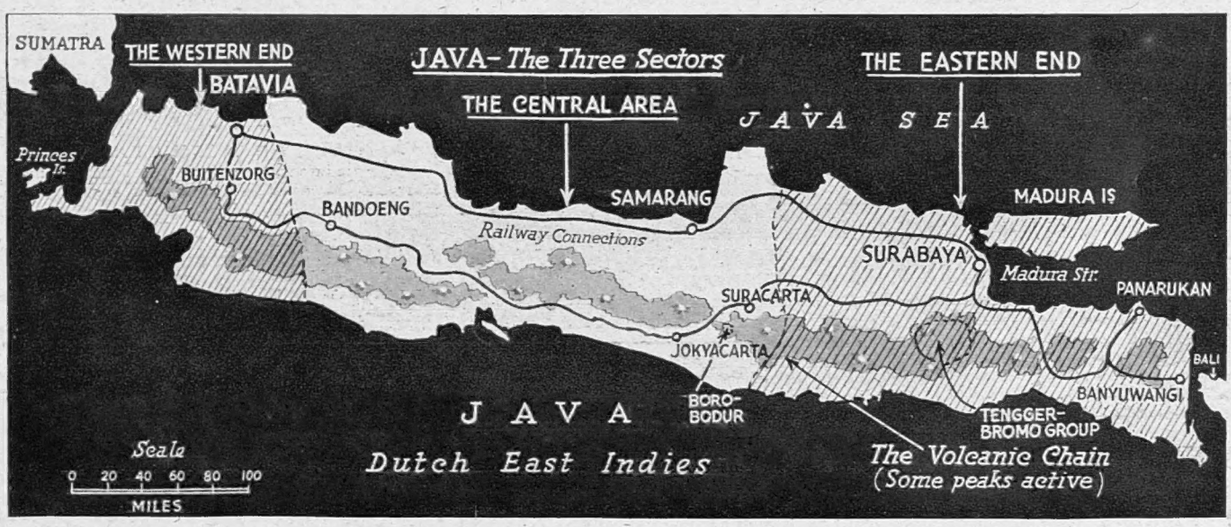
THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VISITS BATAVIA: Lieut.-General Sir Miles Dempsey (left), C.-in-C. Allied Land Forces, South-East Asia, seen with Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christison, Allied C.-in-C. Netherlands East Indies, after he landed from a Dakota plane at Batavia aerodrome. General Dempsey held a series of conferences with a view to instituting the latest campaign for creating law and order in Java, and elaborate measures were drawn up for purging the police force and dealing with the scattered insurgent forces of the island. Standing together on the right are Air Commodore C. A. Stevens and Group-Captain D. J. P. Lee, Officer Commanding the R.A.F. Station at Batavia



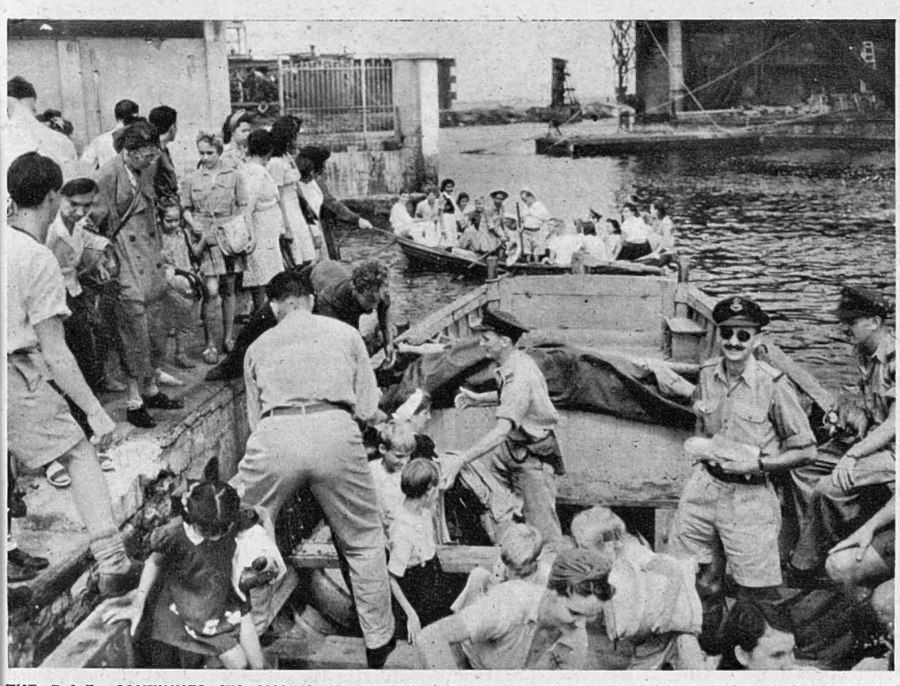
INDONESIAN INSURGENTS RETREATING FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, BUITENZORG: Following close on their heels was Brigadier Mellsop's 36th Indian Infantry Brigade, and the insurgents left in such haste that they failed to set off the charges of dynamite they had placed in the walls—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

When bands of Indonesian insurgents recently took possession of the Governor-General's Palace at Buitenzorg, they dynamited the walls, and but for the sudden arrival of the 36th Indian Infantry Brigade under Brigadier Mellsop they would undoubtedly have destroyed the building, amateurish though their efforts were. Buitenzorg has always been a favoured resort of the Dutch in West Java. The Governor-General's residence, which he used during the summer months, was a long, low building with pavilion-like wings. This is, of course, a super-official residence; there are, however, scattered over the length and breadth of Java, quite a number of smaller official governmental residencies. Many of these house the local Dutch East Indian provincial governors; the island being divided into a large number of administrative provinces. Every provincial capital had a residency, offices, post offices, military and social clubs. In fact, there is every outward evidence that the Dutch had a highly-developed and closely-knit scheme of government for the island

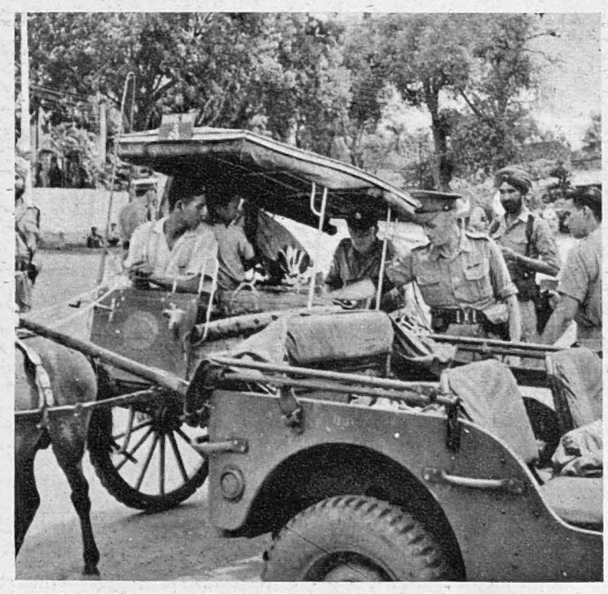
On right—At the beginning of the year, when the military situation in Java was reviewed, it was evident that the area under effective military control was very small. More or less satisfactory control was exercised at the three big ports of Batavia, Samarang and Surabaya, but even these were not wholly free from disorder. Outside the immediate suburbs of the cities some roads were patrolled, but there was always a liability that sniping and ambushing would occur, particularly on the Batavia-Buitenzorg road to the south. Moving farther south-east, the state of affairs was more uncertain in and around Bandoeng. Small garrisons held one or two points, but the vast proportion of the island was still without any immediate control from British Administrative Headquarters



THE THREE MAIN DIVISIONS OF JAVA: A sketch map showing the Western, Central and Eastern areas and the somewhat tenuous communications between them. The British control only the larger cities of Batavia, Samarang and Surabaya



THE R.A.F. CONTINUES ITS WORK OF RESCUE: Dutch women and children being helped aboard a boat at Batavia quayside before being ferried out to an R.A.F. Sunderland flying-boat which will carry them to Singapore. The R.A.F. has been steadily evacuating these internees for months past, rescuing women and children who have spent long periods in Japanese concentration camps and have since become unfortunate victims of the civil war conditions. On arrival at Singapore, the forty or fifty passengers in each flying-boat receive special food and attention



A CORDON ROUND BATAVIA: British Military Police search a cart on the outskirts of the city after a complete cordon had been instituted in order to put a stop to terrorist activities. Standing in the background is a soldier of the 36th Indian Infantry Brigade. The presence of these Indian troops in Java has been the subject of hostile criticism in India

THE FIRST OF THE O.I.I.C.A.'S.

Americans Prepare to Over-Tell the World About American Life and the Aims and Policies of the United States Government

By FERDINAND TUOHY

PRESENTLY a mammoth new method of nation speaking unto nation is to be launched by the United States State Department, which has been likened to "a mixture of Downing Street, the Foreign Office and Chief Executive rolled into one." The chosen instrument produces the infelicitous initials O.I.I.C.A.—Office of International Information and Cultural Affairs—and there are to be 400 O.I.I.C.A.s posted officially to bureaux in every corner of the world—rather, that number is going out to begin with, to set things moving.

It is a far cry from the day in the '20's when a common-or-garden Press agent hit upon the notion of transforming himself into a Public Relations Officer, and under this high-falutin' style began to demonstrate that all he was doing was acting as a go-between who alike protected client and public by an honest-to-goodness presentation of the matter on hand. "Public Relations Officer" sounded so much more *chic* than "Press agent," and, besides, it could be relied upon to hook clients having something to gloss over, distort, or hide. So P.R.O.s steadily multiplied in divers walks of life, and in 1938 an estimate was composed, showing that some 15,000 were operating in the United States alone.

All telling their own little or larger worlds.

EXTENDING THE WHITE HOUSE: The architect's plan for the new executive offices which are to be added to the famous building in Washington in order to accommodate the large clerical force now in offices outside the White House grounds. The new wing, work on which is expected to begin in the spring, will include an auditorium for 375 persons, and this will be used for Press conferences, radio broadcasts, and other events that have up to now been staged in the formal East Room. The foundation-stone of the White House was laid by George Washington, and the mansion was first occupied in 1800 by John Adams, the second President of the United States

In what proportion P.R.O.s expanded in the recent war years, there 's no record. But if "Whitehall" begat between 4,000 and 5,000, the tempo of American publicity called for very many more. The U.S. Services fell heavily for P.R.O.s, and one recollects how formations in the European Theatre withdrew facilities from war correspondents because it was considered they weren't presenting said formations in an adequate light. Sometimes it came to be disconcertingly a war of "Look what we 're doing!" and quite possibly, the current decline in morale among U.S. troops, demobilised or still retained, may be due in some measure to their ceasing to be such subjects of interest to the reading and film-going public.

The war used up all the complimentary adjectives. In print, on the screen and over the air, men and women in uniform were never-endingly told what magnificent jobs they were doing, and how glowingly they were comporting themselves. Some people may have felt uneasily, at the time, that it was being overdone. But who dared say so? Or that, with the return from arms, a penalty might be exacted?

We appear to be a long way yet from appreciating that one can over-tell the world, both as individuals and nations. On the contrary, the signs are that much of the universe is about to be plunged into an orgy of self-selling based on self-approval, which may put a final tax on the capacity to comprehend of the ordinary human being.

Already the latter is bombarded with broadcasts and deluged with speeches, reports, explanatory sheets, pamphlets, booklets and memoranda in supplement of the newspapers and reviews. The immediate result one sees in "discussion groups," "quizzes" and local "brains trusts," which give the impression of dispersing all kinds of bits and pieces. Yet capacity to absorb fruitfully is limited, and so apt to be handicapped. I shall always remember the effect on me of reading through immense American newspapers on Sundays. I felt at the end as if I knew nothing at all about anything.

There being no ground for supposing that the 1946 mind is any more receptive than that of 1846, only the certitude that it is called on to digest many times as much, this might have been a suitable time to have stabilised at least the assaults made upon it under official seal. An abatement of the popular ("look at me") shouting contest—no, that was too much to expect. But after a dozen years of State newscasting by Goebbels, it is queer behaviour on the part of people who had freedom of thought in the forefront of their war aims, to set us even vaguely thinking of the late Herr Doktor.

Proclaims O.I.I.C.A.'s Chief, Assistant Secretary of State William Benton, advertising man who has "sold" a long string of commodities to the American public, mounting to adult education for Chicagoans, proclaims Mr. Benton: "This is a revolutionary concept—something new in the history of diplomacy. Diplomacy speaks to officials. Our information programme will speak to the peoples . . . We have discovered it is no longer safe to assume the whole world believes in the purity of our motives." Accordingly O.I.I.C.A. will give "a full and fair picture of American life and of the aims and policies of the United States Government."

Whereupon, the first thing O.I.I.C.A. did was to try to kick out of the way, with all the authority commanded by the executive centre of the Biggest Power Ever, a time-laden foreign news agency whose world coverage couldn't be depended upon to harmonise with Mr. Benton's selling of America's motives.

It is now clear why the U.S. Office of War Information was wound up so precipitately last September. Many of its personnel had to be trained as Benton Boys for the great Truth Drive about to be undertaken, and which is so free of any desire to make the world consume American goods so as to keep Americans off the bread lines. Just truth for truth's sake; no overriding thoughts behind it, no thoughts of raking in the dollars if only for raking's sake.

In sporting simile, one could liken the operations in store to one of those concerted American football moves which sweep opponents off their feet. The Benton Boys first of all go into a huddle, heads down. "How are we going to put this one over?" And after a split minute: "Bully! That 's the technique! Here goes for the suckers!"

The Benton Boys have quickly been rejected in one or two American quarters obliquely brought under fire; yet, in view of the common American urge to put the country's astonishing power across and make others like it, I shall be surprised if O.I.I.C.A. does more under criticism than coat its approach, making this less of a head-on affair. The central aim should remain unaltered: to press American influence everywhere by a State Newscasting Service which had best be heeded by all such as wish to do favourable business under the wide-spreading eagle. Nor is there cause to doubt that the avalanche of print and sales talk will make salient inroads on the reasoning processes of countless millions of divers hues, already on the way to being conditions by wartime American push and self-publicising.

A second reaction should be for other peoples who think they have something to "sell," to follow the American lead, which they 've done so often in the past, and themselves develop national O.I.I.C.A.s of their own; in which event the mid-century mind may come to a befogged standstill, surrounded by sovereign peoples blowing their own trumpets for the love of truth.

The line likely to be taken by the Benton Boys in depicting the American domestic scene for foreign consumption is not difficult to pierce. It will show Americans as a law-abiding, church-going people . . . 60,000,000 church members out of a population of 135,000,000, and maybe as many as 72,000,000. A hard-working, simple-living, co-operative people whose goal is good neighbourliness near and far. A tolerant society in which all men and women are equal and free. So much of this never came out, or was never properly stressed, in the American newspapers, whose more freakish contents have provided most foreign correspondents in the United States with their daily cabling. Americans are tired of such caricaturing, which depicts only the thinnest layer come to the surface like froth!

Actually, what has happened is that some foreign correspondents in America have of late been taking a leaf from U.S. correspondents in Europe and elsewhere, who have not exactly been noted for avoiding criticism of foreign peoples, or for failing to report their excesses. And, anyway, even if this new-found frankness about things American had never eventuated, it is all written in the products of Hollywood, which tour the world and are certain to make things difficult for the Benton Boys, whose mission it is to play down much that American films play up.

One would have thought the cinema was the first thing to attend to in any crusade to correct depicting of the contemporary United States, since it has formed universal opinion more than all the American news agencies, books and magazines put together. Its antics have likewise formed American opinion to the extent of making Americans believe they won campaigns in which not more than a handful of Americans were engaged.

A subsidiary reason for launching the Benton Boys is probably that Americans feel they 've lost popularity in the world. But is this the way to regain it? Already the flooding by American films, news services, publishers and magazine-owners is tending to give non-Americans "an indigestion of things American." Another reason I 've heard advanced for O.I.I.C.A.'s coming, is that its lavishness of information will show up Soviet secrecy. But can State newscasting ever for long show up much more than itself?

Meanwhile, we continue to take Americans as we find them, and here is the New York *Herald-Tribune* reporting on the G.I.'s attitude to Europe: "He dislikes the French, hates the British, distrusts the Russians and despises the Poles and lots of others."

From long friendship with Americans, I suggest that the Benton Boys be dooplicated by a second 400 with mission to tackle the ignorance about other peoples, which was transported from America in shiploads these latter years.

VISITING BOSTON IN THEIR SEARCH FOR UNO'S PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS: Members of the Site Committee with the Governor of Massachusetts on arrival in the city during the tour of the eastern seaboard. Governor Tobin is seen seated in the centre between Dr. Stoyan Gavrilovitch (left), the Committee's Chairman, who hails from Yugoslavia, and Major Kenneth Younger, of Great Britain. The Committee includes representatives of Russia, Iraq, France, Uruguay and the United States. Among many places included in the tour was the late President Roosevelt's estate at Hyde Park, New York

ANOTHER BRANCH OF U.N.O. COMES INTO ACTION—THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL COUNCIL: The scene in Church House, Westminster, as the delegates met for the first time. On the left is Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, the head of the Indian delegation, who was elected Chairman

U.N.O. EXPANDS ITS ACTIVITIES

The Economic and Social Council Comes into Being: Close-ups at Central Hall

U.N.O.'s Economic and Social Council, which met for the first time on January 23, has to some extent been overshadowed by the Security Council, but the purpose which is open to it to play is of supreme importance, as delegates are coming more and more to realise. The United Kingdom representative is Mr. Noel Baker, while other familiar figures on the Council are M. Paul-Boncour (France), M. Jan Masaryk (Czechoslovakia), and Mr. Winant (the United States)

M. ANDREI VYSHINSKY MAKES HIS BOW: The Soviet Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs making his first appearance at a full session of U.N.O. His delayed arrival in London was eagerly awaited by delegates anxious to see M. Molotov's right-hand man

MR. BYRNES MAKES A PARTING SPEECH: The United States Secretary of State addressing the General Assembly on the question of atomic control—his final appearance before going back to America to discuss the strike situation with President Truman

M. GROMYKO HELD THE FORT: The Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., who led the Russian delegation in the absence of M. Vyshinsky, the Soviet Foreign Vice-Commissar

MR. BEVIN REGISTERS DESPAIR AND RESIGNATION: How Britain's Foreign Secretary reacted to the Soviet salvoes regarding the British military intervention in Greece and Indonesia

MESHED STILL OCCUPIED BY THE RED ARMY

An Ancient City of Persia's North-Eastern Frontier Region

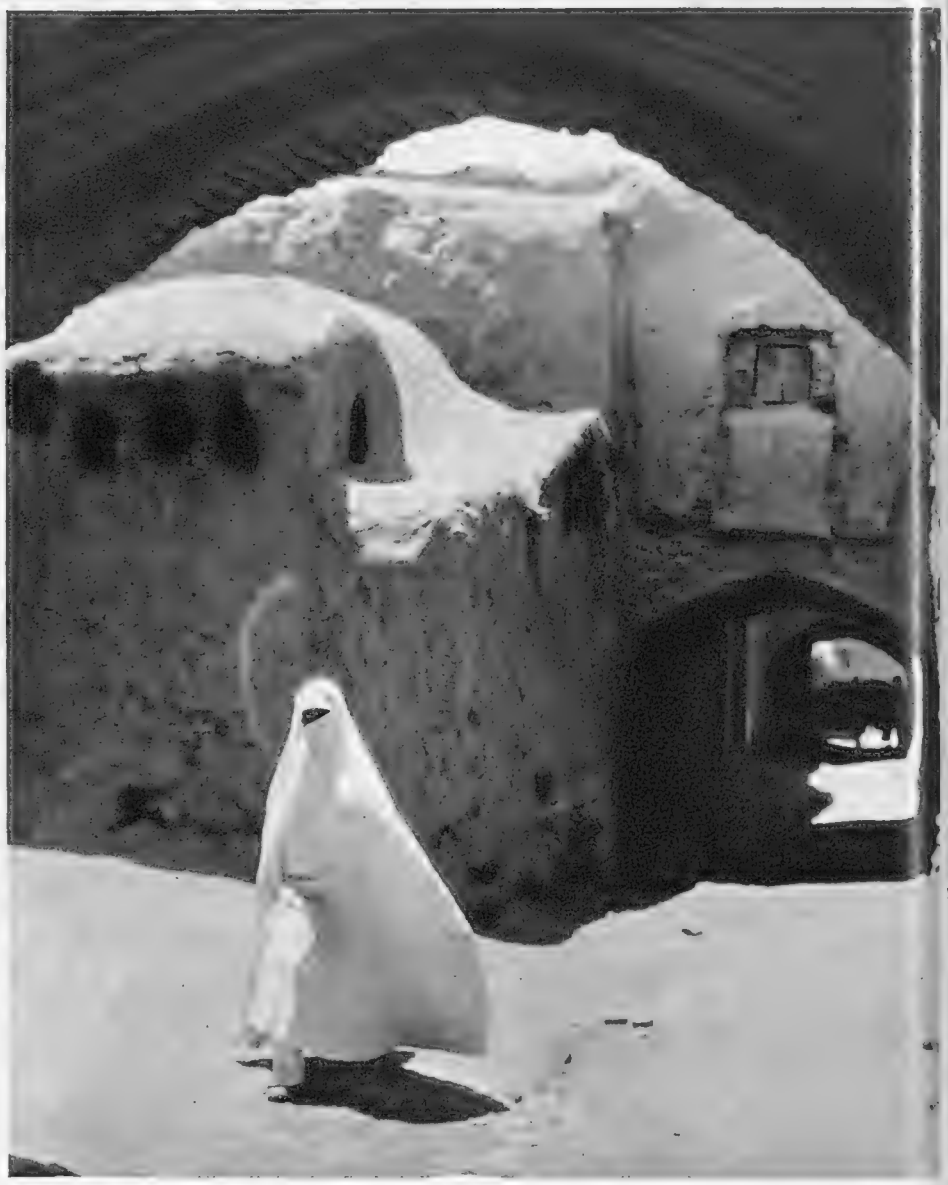
The city of Meshed, the old capital of Khorasan Province, is a place of considerable importance from a political and commercial point of view. Both Russia and Britain view it with interest: Russia because of its proximity to her Turkmenian frontier and Britain because of its long-standing trading relations with India by the overland route.

During the war years Meshed had an increased significance, as it lay directly on the "lifeline" by which lorries of the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation carried high priority supplies from India to the Transcaspian frontier at Bajgiran, 40 miles from Ashkhabad, capital of Soviet Turkmenistan

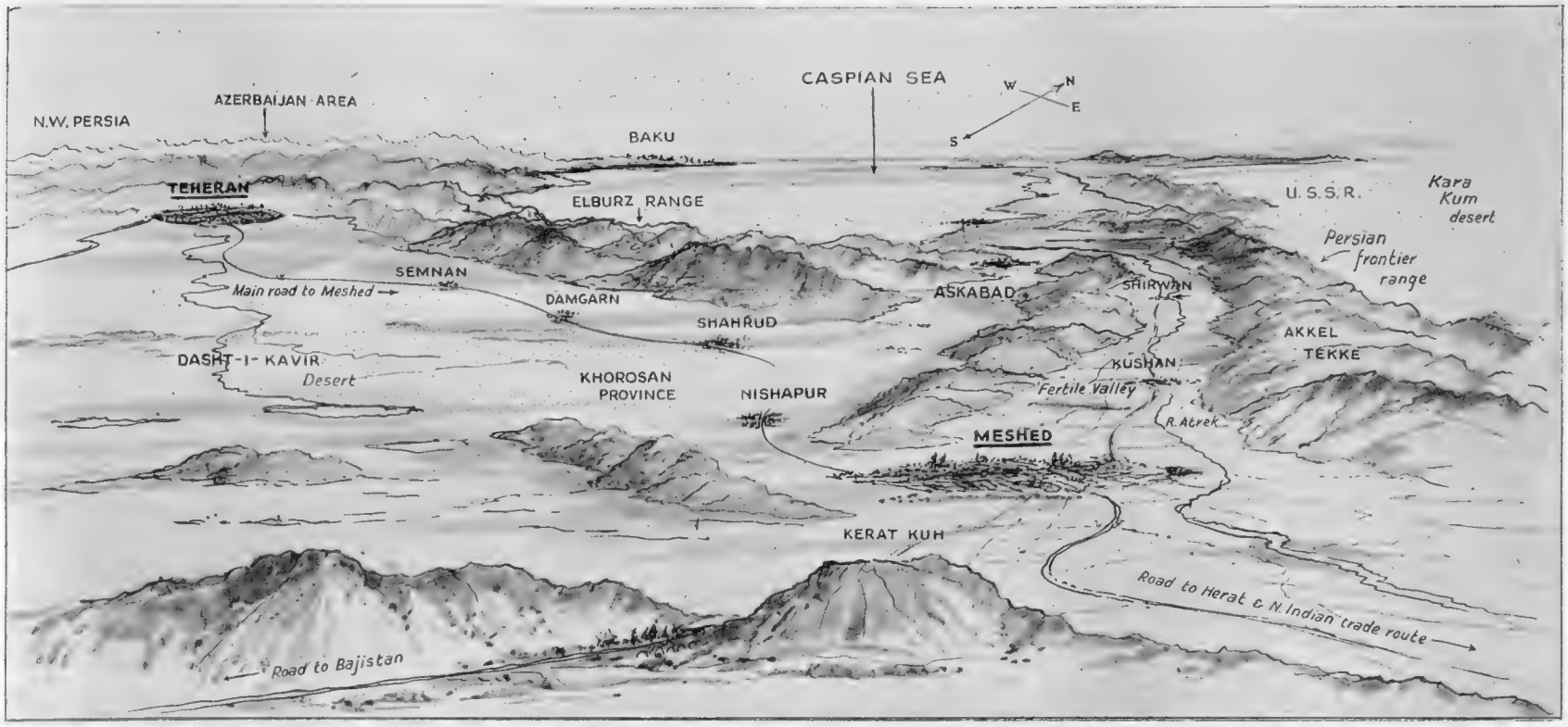
THE DOMES AND MINARETS OF MESHED: A general view looking across the roof-tops of this old city of North-East Persia, the capital of Khorasan Province, where Russian forces have been in occupation since August 1941. Meshed is of considerable political significance at the moment, owing to its proximity to Russia

RUSSIAN TROOPS STROLL DOWN PAHLEVI AVENUE: Members of the occupying force in one of the main streets of Meshed, where, after five years on garrison duties, they have become familiar figures. In the background is the British Consulate-General

THE PEOPLE OF PERSIA'S NORTH-EAST FRONTIER: These Turcoman folk live in the rugged hill country to the north of Meshed, near the boundary of the Turkmenian Soviet Socialist Republic



A VEILED FIGURE IN ANCIENT BIRJAND: A glimpse of life in this old town of Kuhistan before the days when Shah Reza Pahlevi abolished the veil and attempted to institute Western customs throughout the Persian State. During the war years Birjand ceased to be the sleepy town that it had been for centuries, becoming a keypoint on the East Persia Aid to Russia route, along which the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation carried approximately 7,000 tons of high priority supplies from the Indian railhead at Zaahidan



WHERE RUSSIAN FORCES ARE STILL IN OCCUPATION AFTER FIVE YEARS: A diagrammatic impression of Northern Persia, showing to the west the Azerbaijan Province, which has come so strongly into the Russian sphere of influence, and to the east the Province of Khorosan, which has been occupied by the Red Army since 1941. Up to date there have been few political disturbances in Khorosan, and it has remained much in the background while dramatic events have been taking place in the north-west regions of the country. Khorosan, however, played a vital part during the war years, and through the province passed great quantities of supplies *en route* from India to Russia—*Drawing by Percy Home*

To-day, after five years, troops of the Red Army still stroll through the streets of Meshed, and they are comfortably garrisoned throughout the Province of Khorosan. When they finally withdraw, it will probably be simultaneously with troops from the north-west, which, as all the world knows, has now become a very strong Soviet sphere of influence.

Meshed is a city of 176,000 inhabitants, and has for centuries been a great place of pilgrimage among Muhammadans of the Shiah sect, who flock to the great Shrine of Reza. The Russo-Persian frontier is away to the north-east of Meshed across the Akkel Tekke frontier range.

A short distance to the west of the city lies Nishapur, made famous by its Omar Khayyám connections.

(The photographs on these pages have been taken by Sir Clarmont Skrine)

THE RED ARMY AT PLAY: Nurses and soldiers dancing in the open air on the football ground at Firdausi High School in Meshed

THE BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL AT MESHED: The imposing entrance to the headquarters of our representative in Khorosan Province, a familiar architectural feature of Pahlevi Avenue. Meshed, a city of 176,000 inhabitants, had a new importance during the war years, and there was constant Allied traffic down Pahlevi Avenue as lorries made their way northwards with supplies for the Russian forces. This was a highly-important alternative to the railroad running from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian

MESHED'S CROWNING GLORY: The Great Court of the Shrine of Imam Reza, an object of annual pilgrimage by devout Persians of the Shiah sect of Muhammadans. In the left foreground is the gold-roofed fountain of Nadir Shah. The dome, minaret and interior of the portico are covered with gold plate on copper, and with many-coloured arabesques and inscriptions from the Koran written upon medieval tiling of superb workmanship. Until 1936 no unbeliever was allowed within the precincts of the Shrine, but the late Shah Reza Pahlevi overcame the resistance of the mullahs and threw the holy place open to visitors of all religions. Non-Muslims have, however, to be escorted by guardians

THE HAWKER SEA FURY SHOWS HER PACES : The Navy's single-seat fighter is poised for a split second at an angle of 90 deg. as she makes a spectacular turn

THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST TWIN-ENGINED FIGHTER : The Sea Hornet seen on the flight-deck of H.M.S. "Ocean" as she carried out her landing trials. She has a level speed of over 470 m.p.h. and many remarkable new features for combat at sea

THE SEA HORNET TOUCHES DOWN TO A PERFECT LANDING : The Navy's twin-engined fighter being signalled-in by the Deck Landing Officer of H.M.S. "Ocean" in the course of her first trials

This month yet another milestone in naval aviation was passed when the Sea Hornet made her bow as the Royal Navy's first twin-engined fighter and carried out landing trials on the comparatively short flight-deck of the 14,000-ton light aircraft-carrier *Ocean*. The Hornet's level speed is over 470 m.p.h., and, at low altitudes, she can climb at over 4,500 ft. per minute. Her range is 2,500 miles when carrying drop tanks, and, with her hydraulically folding wings, V-type arrester hook and accelerator fittings for assisted take-off, she is altogether a very remarkable craft. The pilot has a perfect view from his cockpit

Below — H.M.S. "OCEAN'S" FLIGHT-DECK ACCOMMODATES A HEAVYWEIGHT : The Sea Hornet being manœuvred into position before taking off from the aircraft-carrier during her trials

JET PLANES FOR ALLIED NAVIES

And Other Aviation News of Current Interest

So formidable are the strides that have been made by the Navy's air arm that it is difficult to recall the days when the Swordfish and the Walrus held pride of place. The Hawker Sea Fury, which is seen making a spectacular turn in the above picture, has clear-cut lines and is well known for manœuvrability. She carries four 20-mm. cannons, concealed in her wing casing, but has few features to render her readily identifiable. Now she has a new rival in the Sea Hornet, the twin-engined fighter seen undergoing her trials in other pictures on this page

BRITAIN'S TWIN-BOOMED JET PLANE—THE D.H. VAMPIRE MAKES A STEEPLY-BANKED TURN : This all-metal aircraft, in appearance almost a flying wing, was the first in Great Britain or America to exceed 500 m.p.h. in level flight. She can land and take off from an aircraft-carrier and has an operational ceiling of over 45,000 ft., being designed with a pressurised cabin as a high-flying, high-speed interceptor

The De Havilland Vampire, which, with its two slender booms supporting the rectangular tail structure, has almost the appearance of a flying wing, was designed as a high-speed interceptor, and when it made its first appearance it was believed to be the fastest jet-propelled plane in production in the world. The Vampire is of all-metal construction except for the all-wood cockpit of carapace construction, and it has been designed for very high flying with a pressurised cabin. The prototype first flew on September 20, 1943, at Hatfield, when Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland was the pilot, and he has been responsible with Mr. Geoffrey Pike for the development testing. The Vampire has an operational ceiling of between 45,000 and 50,000 ft. It is powered with a jet-turbine engine known as the Goblin, which completed its official type approval tests a year ago

AMERICA'S LATEST JET FIGHTER—THE F.D.I. PHANTOM WHICH WILL OPERATE WITH THE U.S. NAVY : A lightweight aircraft that has flown at more than 500 m.p.h.

The Phantom—or F.D.I. as it is officially called—is the first U.S. Navy fighter to be powered exclusively by jet engines, and on trials it has registered speeds in excess of 500 m.p.h. The Phantom has a polished aluminium alloy skin designed to help reduce wind resistance, and it is remarkable for its light weight, just over 4 tons with full combat load. The range of the plane is about 1,000 miles. A high cockpit gives the pilot a first-rate view when engaged in patrolling activities over the sea

RADAR IN WAR AND PEACE

The Scientific Invention that Combated Aircraft Now Provides Safety on the High Seas

Of all the great wartime innovations, radar was one of the most remarkable, and in the following diagrams and pictures, which in earlier days would never have passed the censor, an outline is given of the methods by which radar detected the approach of enemy aircraft and then transmitted vital data to a ship's guns, enabling them to engage with accuracy.

Now radar is being put to a peacetime use. Its principle is comparatively simple. In brief, an aerial revolves and sends out a stream of electric pulses which, striking any object in their path, are reflected back to the instrument. The infinitesimal fraction of time taken for the outward and return journeys is measured, halved, and converted into "distance off" upon the cathode-ray tube or scan. Bearing is likewise registered.

Much of the equipment on board American naval vessels is similar to that fitted in our own ships. In its essentials this applies to the radar apparatus, some of which is visible in the photograph of the battleship *Washington*.

The large frame-aerial mounted on top of the control tower or "citadel" belongs to an aircraft-warning set. The aerial revolves, sweeping the complete circle of the horizon with a wide beam of electronic impulses.

Any aircraft coming into this beam reflects impulses back to the set in the form of an echo, giving the ship her first warning of an approaching enemy. The presence of an enemy aircraft having been established, two high-angle gunnery radar sets may be brought into use. These sets are part of the secondary armament fire-control system, which includes the main anti-aircraft armament of the ship.

The beam is similar to that of the warning set, but much narrower, particularly in the horizontal plane, giving accurate bearing and range of the target.

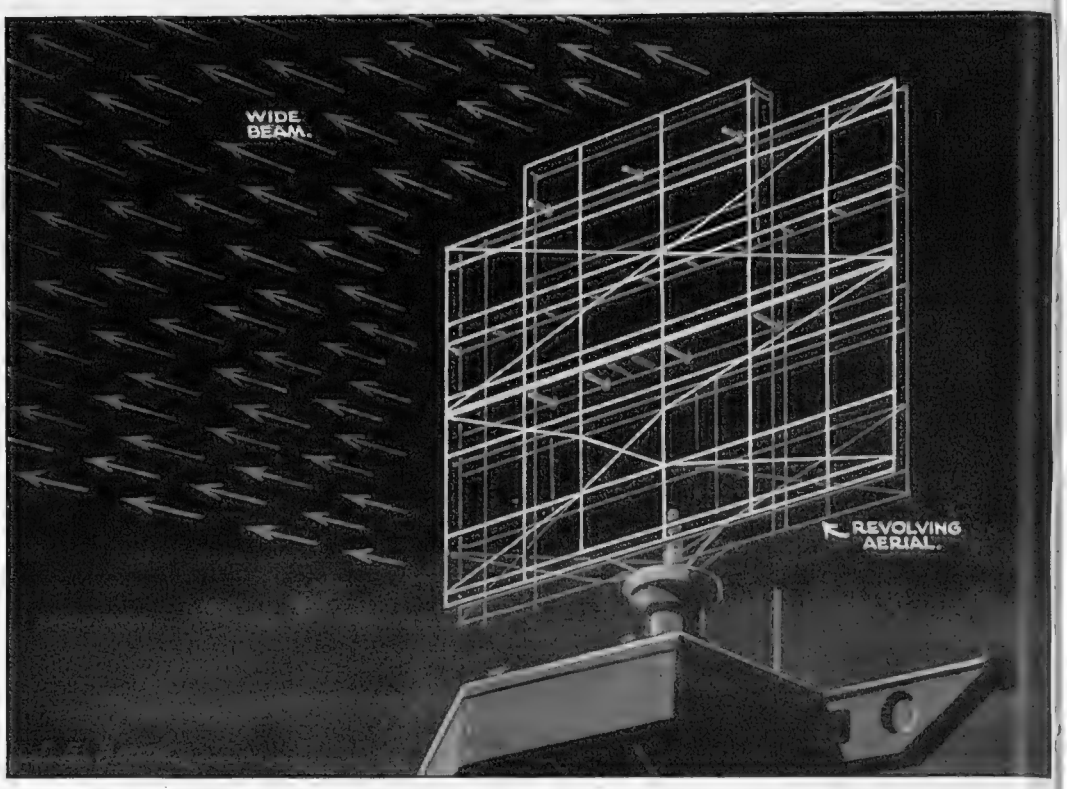
Though efficient in normal circumstances, if the aircraft is flying in very low the lower edge of the beam may strike the surface of the sea.

If this happens, a certain part of the beam may be reflected up on to the aircraft, while another strikes it direct. This causes two echoes, which may be indistinguishable on the radar screen, and cause confusion as to the height of the target.

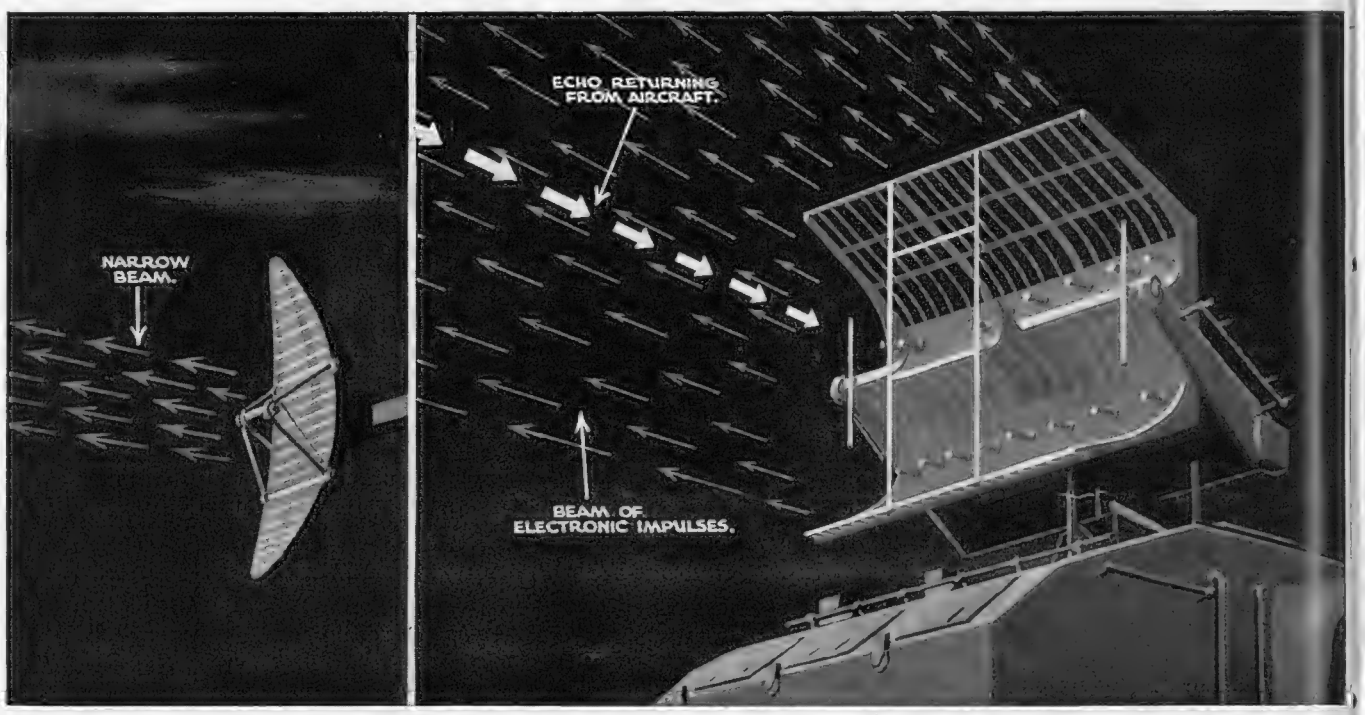
To overcome this a height finder is fitted, and its aerial, like a slice of melon, can be seen in the photograph.

The height-finder has a very narrow beam in the vertical plane, and so receives only a direct echo, even at low angles.

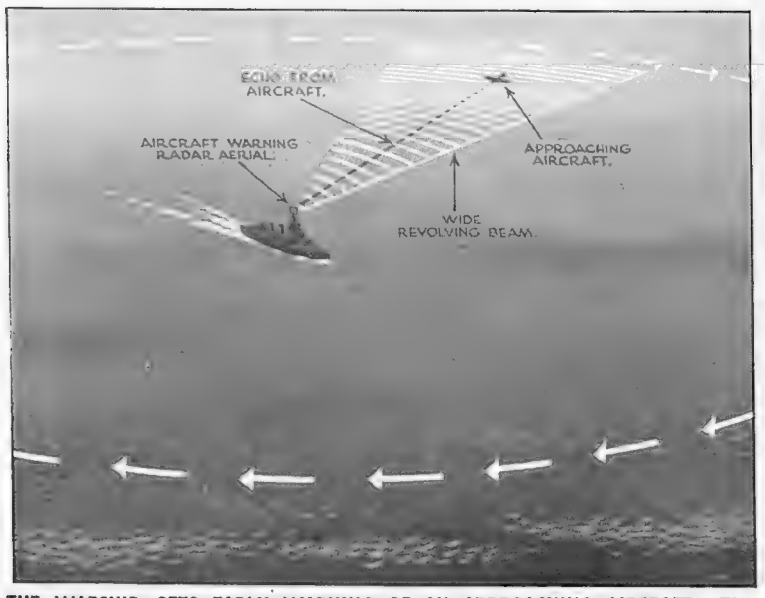
An interesting feature of the *Washington* is the use of slender, flexible wireless aerials (similar to those fitted on tanks) for Fleet communications.



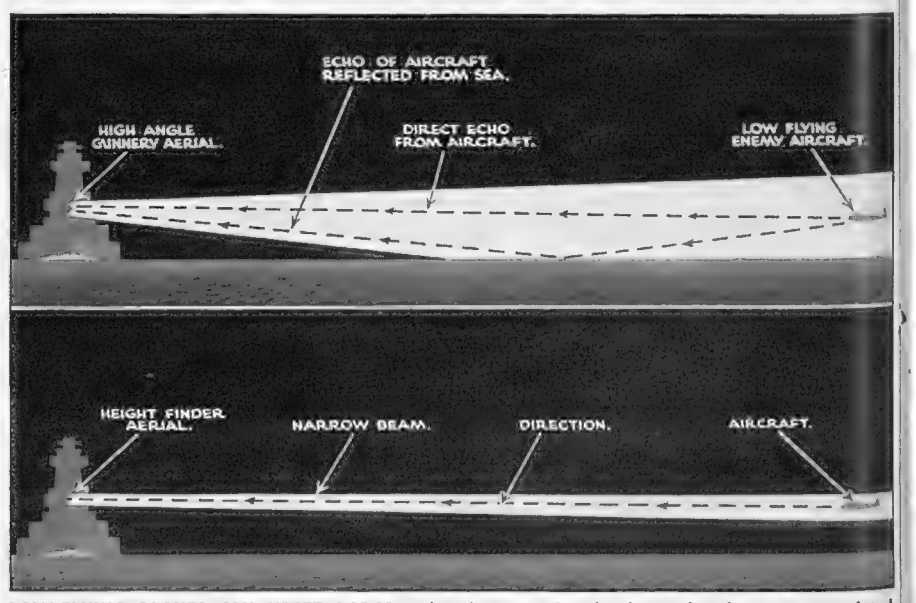
RADAR IN ACTION—A NEW AID TO SAFETY AT SEA: This radar aerial, which sweeps the complete circle of the horizon several times every minute, sends out from the ship a wide beam of electronic impulses which, when coming into contact with any aircraft in the sky or object in the sea, reflect back to the radar set in the form of an echo, thus giving early warning of danger—*Drawings by S. E. Beck*



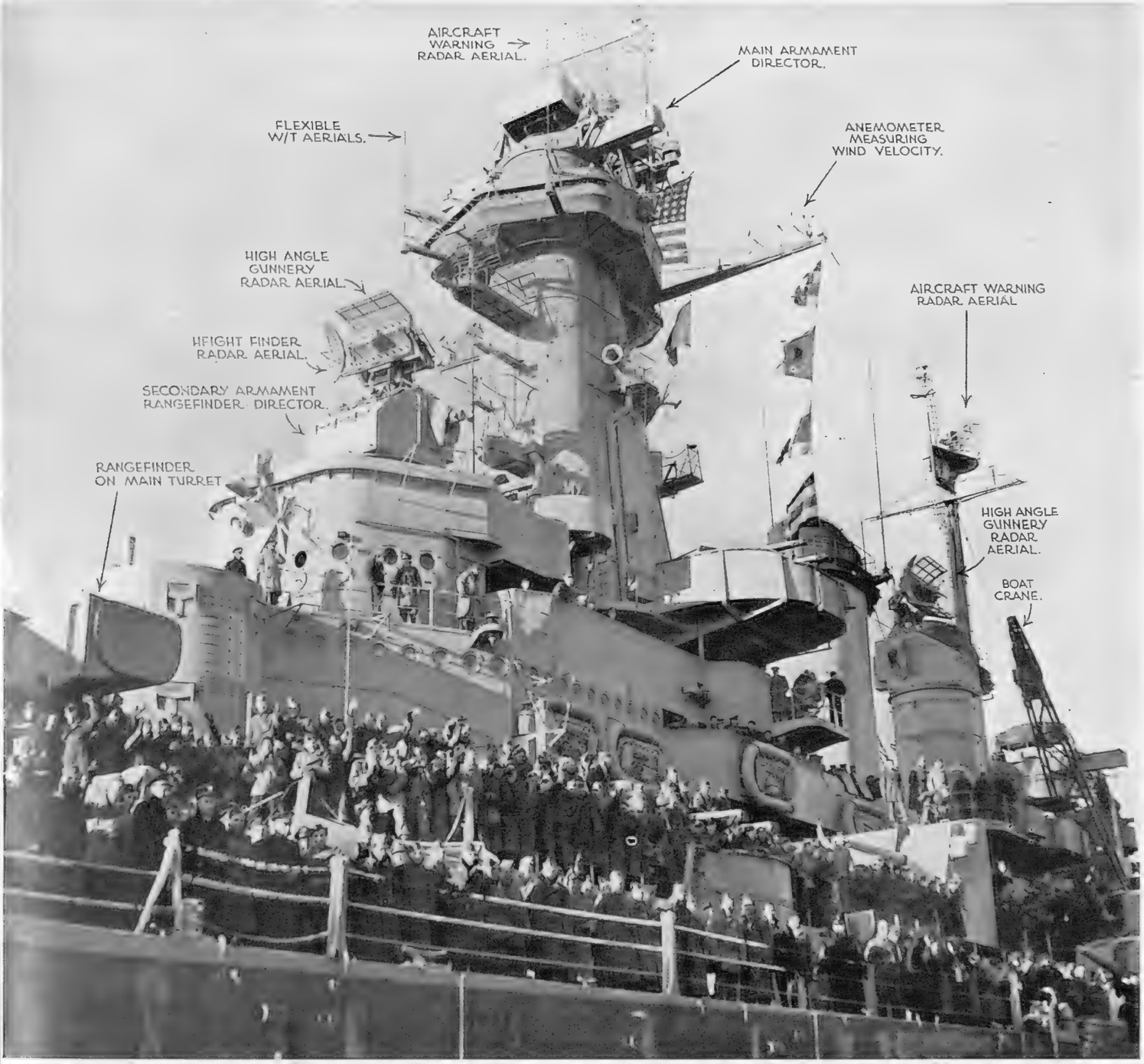
THE HIGH-ANGLE GUNNERY POSITION-FINDER: This radar set, of a type used in American warships, but similar to British equipment, supplements the early-warning apparatus by providing exact data to the guns regarding the range and bearing of approaching aircraft. The smaller arrows indicate the electronic impulses as they are broadcast, and the big arrows show the returning echo which is recorded in the cathode-ray tubes within the set itself. On the left is the aerial of a narrow-beam height-finding set



THE WARSHIP GETS EARLY WARNING OF AN APPROACHING AIRCRAFT: The 360-deg. sweep of the radar set has found an answering echo in the sky, and immediately the ship's gunnery officer knows the approximate range and bearing of the plane. The more accurate high-angle gunnery position-finder will then get on target

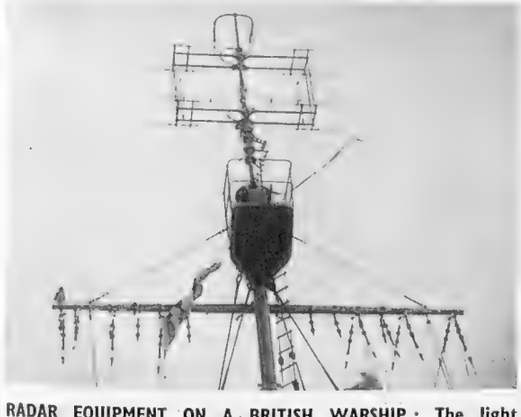


LOW-FLYING PLANES CAN UPSET RADAR: In the top sketch the radar beam transmitted from a warship is shown making a direct return, and also causing a second confusing echo by striking the sea first. This does not affect bearing, but distorts the angle, thus necessitating the use of a narrow height-finding beam which makes a direct return only, as shown in the lower sketch



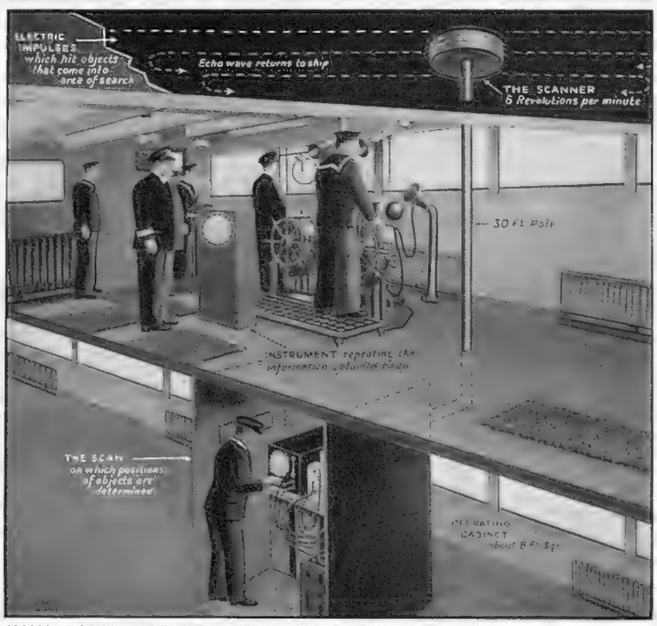
RADAR INSTALLED IN THE FIGHTING-TOP OF AN AMERICAN WARSHIP: The superstructure of the battleship "Washington," showing the various devices used to detect the approach of enemy aircraft and to plot their angle and bearing for use as gunnery data. This picture would have been censored during the war years, the radar aerials being blotted out, but it now provides the key to the anti-aircraft successes of Allied warships. To-day this radar equipment is serving a peacetime purpose, acting as an aid to safety at sea

The battleship *Washington*, which had many successes against Japanese aircraft, is as fully-equipped with radar apparatus as any vessel afloat. At the summit of her superstructure she carries an early-warning aerial, and as this makes regular sweeps through 360 deg., scanning the sea for 50 miles and more, the approach of aircraft is immediately plotted, rough angles and bearings being relayed in order to get the gunnery position finder on target. This high-angle radar quickly picks up the plane, and in a few seconds a stream of data is passing through the predictor. A future position is then calculated, and the anti-aircraft guns of the battleship are directed on to the plane's course



RADAR EQUIPMENT ON A BRITISH WARSHIP: The light warning set in action at the masthead of the cruiser H.M.S. "Swiftsure," a vessel of the Minotaur class. The revolving aerials could in certain conditions gain an answering echo from planes 100 miles away

On right—Since the war ended an increasing number of merchant ships are being fitted with radar. The early-warning equipment in a liner is installed in a cabinet about 8 ft. square just beneath the bridge, and it is linked with a revolving aerial which scans the horizon about six times every minute. Any object in the sea that is encountered by the outgoing rays is reflected back on to the cathode-ray tube in terms of impulses, and from this tube it is a comparatively easy matter to read off the object's present angle and bearing in relation to the ship. By using this apparatus the navigator has complete security in fog, and the danger of collision is rendered almost negligible. When an object comes within range it appears on the scan as a luminous white dot, which could be a ship, a buoy, an isolated rock, an iceberg, or a derelict. The navigator can usually tell an aeroplane by its rapid movement across the scan



HOW RADAR OPERATES IN A GREAT LINER: A diagrammatic sketch showing the early-warning apparatus installed beneath the bridge. The operator in his cabinet watches his cathode-ray tube, reporting the range and bearing of all objects appearing on the scan

HAVOC and HEROISM

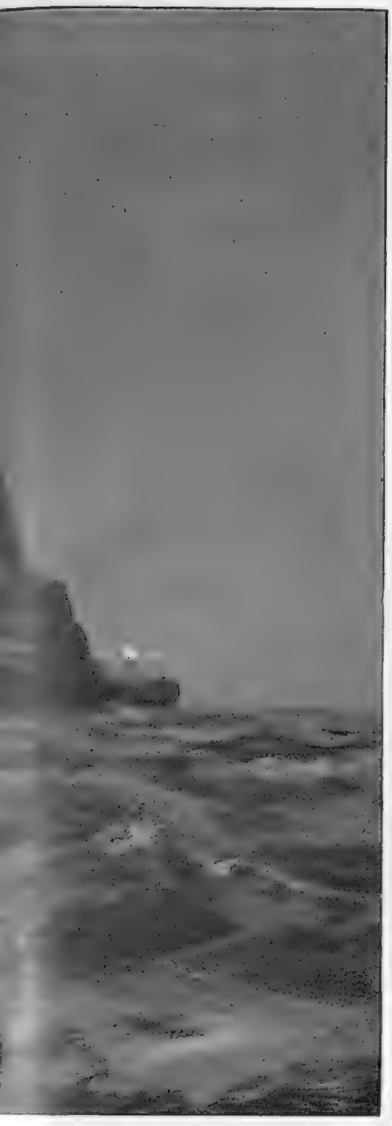
The Great Gale at Gibraltar: How the "Erma" Took 16 Estonians to America: A Steamer Under Sail

STORM OVER THE ROCK—GIBRALTAR IS HIT BY AN 80-M.P.H. GALE: A small passenger vessel fighting the heavy seas just outside the harbour during the height of the great January storm, when several ships were driven ashore and twenty-three lighters were set adrift in the bay. In addition the evacuation was caused of 300 residents from a temporary housing site, while seven dockyard labourers were washed off the Mole, one of them being drowned. Six of the drifting lighters became a total loss, being smashed up by the breakers on the Spanish coast. One vessel, the Norwegian tanker "Thorshovdi," which was torpedoed at her moorings about three years ago, was also involved in the gale, the forward half breaking from its anchorage and drifting away in the direction of Algeciras. Gibraltar has not had a worse storm for many years

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

THE END OF A BOLD ADVENTURE—SIXTEEN ESTONIANS BRAVE THE PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC: The 33-ft. yacht "Erma" seen with fourteen of her passengers and crew on arrival at Little Creek, Virginia, after making the passage from Sweden to the United States at the height of the winter gales. Hounded from their native country by the Nazis, these hardy Estonians lived for a time in Sweden, where they bought the *Erma* and made her seaworthy. Last September they set out on their great adventure; and this was recorded in THE SPHERE of September 22 as the little vessel made the passage of the Caledonian Canal in Central Scotland. They could hardly have guessed at the time what ordeals the winter storms out in the Atlantic would bring. Now, on arrival in America, they hope to settle down among other emigrants of their own race and to make a new life for themselves

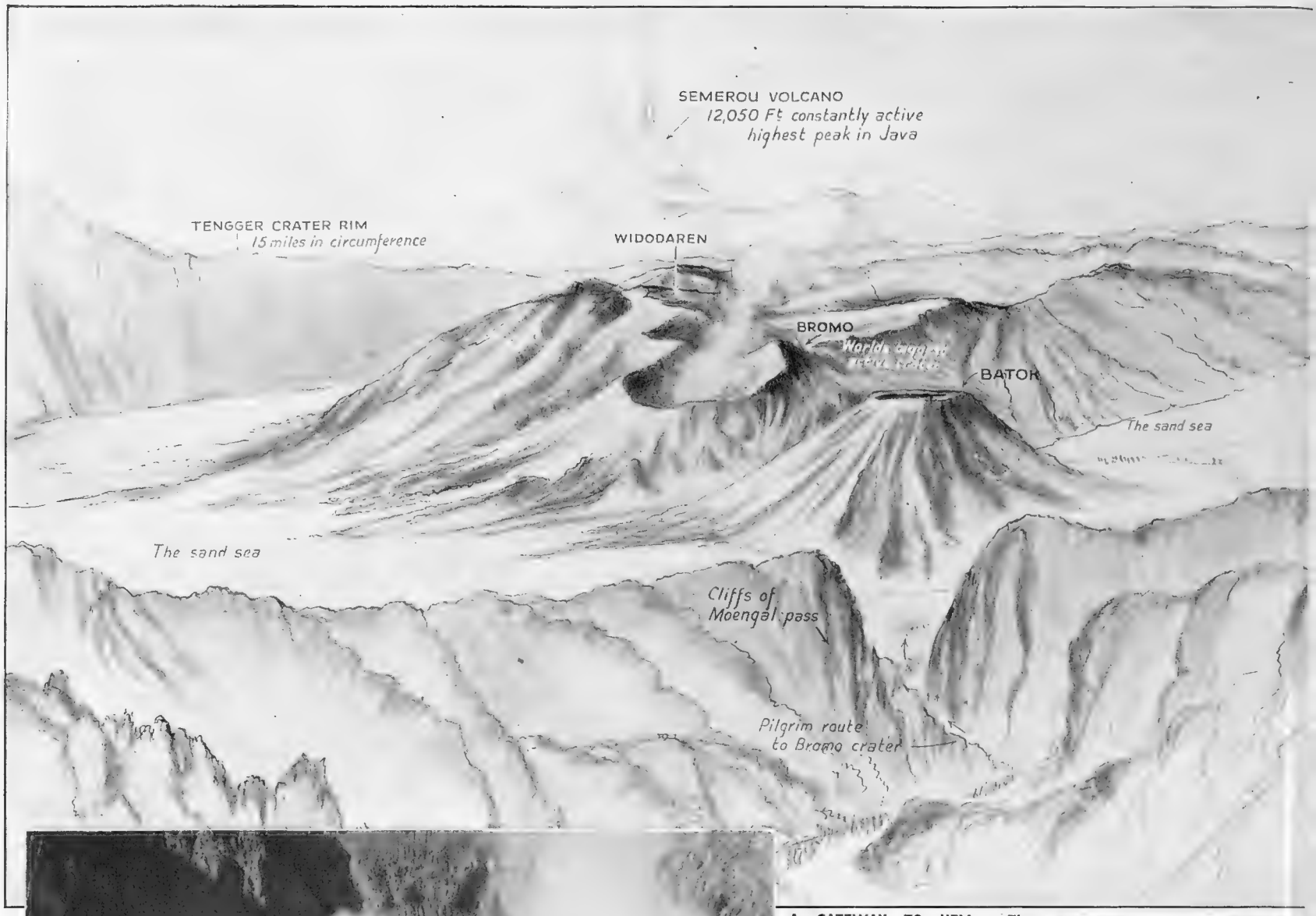
MANNA FROM ABOVE: A member of the crew of the 33-ft. "Erma" receiving supplies when they came alongside the U.S. destroyer "John P. Gray". A picture taken 100 miles off the coast of Virginia and on the last lap of the voyage of the sixteen Estonians from Sweden to the United States. The sturdy little vessel had on board seven men, four women and five children. The seafarers had but a small globe and a compass for navigation



A STEAMSHIP, JURY-RIGGED, MAKES THE PACIFIC PASSAGE UNDER SAIL—THE REMARKABLE FEAT OF THE U.S.S. "ARCTIC": The 11,000-ton naval vessel seen as she approached San Diego, California, her main motive power being the sails which her crew rigged up when her turbines broke down outside Tokyo Bay. The "Arctic," favoured by fair winds, reached Pearl Harbour in nineteen days, and in a further twelve days completed the passage to San Diego, covering a distance of about 5,200 miles. Her daily runs averaged 170 miles. Slight assistance was provided by the damaged turbines

THE WESTERN OCEAN TAKES ITS WINTER TOLL—STRETCHER CASES AWAIT TRANSFER FROM THE S.S. "ATHOS": Passengers who were injured in a great storm in the Atlantic which hit the vessel when she was six days out of Southampton

Throughout December and January the Atlantic has been the scene of tremendous gales, and warships and merchant vessels have battered their way into port with deck fittings smashed and injuries to report. A recent victim was the transport *Athos*, which was caught in a great storm en route from Southampton to New York. When she at length put into the Azores for repairs the injured passengers, two of whom are seen above on the *Athos*' deck, were transferred to the aircraft-carrier *Enterprise*, and were taken with all speed to New York in order to receive treatment



A GATEWAY TO HELL: The spectacular scenery of the Javanese highlands south of Surabaya, where the volcanoes of Bromo, Batok and Semerou are the objects of annual pilgrimage. Bromo, which is the world's biggest active crater, is approached through the grim cliffs of the Moengal Pass and across the famous Sand Sea, a yellow expanse of arid desert created by some vast eruption in past centuries—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

PILGRIMAGE to BROMO

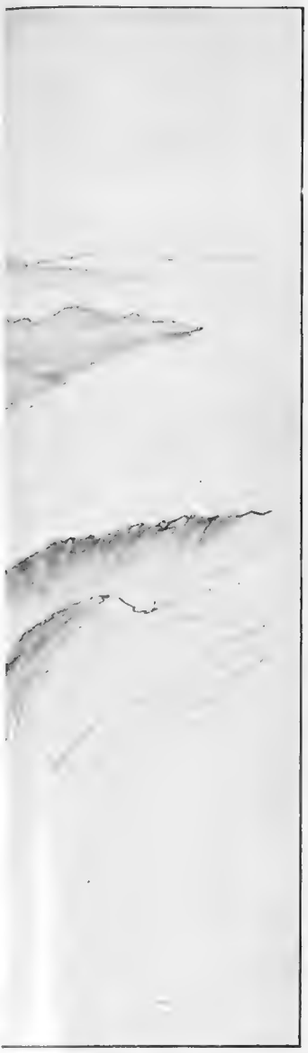
The pilgrimage to Bromo, the largest active crater in the world, is an eagerly-awaited annual event in Java, and there is something in the forbidding nature of this landscape which seems to accord very fittingly with the characteristics of the Javanese temperament, characteristics that have been much to the fore of recent months during the fierce scenes of civil strife.

The Javan, above all things, desires a soft and easy life amid groves of flowering trees; at the same time, fierce savage traits of character may arise at small notice but with destructive effect at the moment. So it is with the island's physical structure and economy. There is an amazing profusion of gorgeous creepers and flowers of all kinds, wondrous blossoms in the foreground of a picture which contains the boiling mouth of a volcano, which, like the giant crater of Bromo, may be described as a gateway to Hell. This terrific orifice—the largest active crater in the world—may be considered as the culminating point in the structure in the long volcanic chain, which stretches from the westernmost flank of the island to its easternmost tip.

***On left*—ABOVE THE FIRE PIT OF BROMO VOLCANO: Here in times past the god Siva was propitiated by a human sacrifice.** Now at the time of the annual festival goats are thrown into the flaming crater, and it is said that their downward progress is often halted by an accomplice who, standing on a ledge, risks Siva's wrath by catching them and preserving them for more prosaic uses

Bromo forms part of a group of volcanoes and lies south-east of Surabaya, in the Tengger district, the home of an Indian people, who retain their national characteristics amid the surrounding Javanese. Bromo is, at certain seasons of the year, a place of pilgrimage. Long lines of Indian girls, wearing saris, climb the steep road to the pathway which pierces the crater-ring guarding the approach to the mystic peaks within.

The roar of subterranean thunder becomes louder as one approaches the Moengal Pass, a cleft in the old Tengger crater ring. The descent to the sea of sand which surrounds Bromo and its attendant volcanoes is steep, but the motley groups of pilgrims soon find themselves consuming attractive food in booths which abound on the edge of this Sea of Sand. Pilgrims strike off in a north-easterly direction and reach the eastern base of Bromo. Here ascent of the active cone begins, an awkward climb which is amply rewarded.



THE APPROACH TO BATOK VOLCANO ACROSS THE VAST SAND SEA : An impression from the cliffs of the Moengal Pass of one of the great volcanoes of the Surabayan hinterland in Eastern Java. Batok is now extinct, but in the distance on the right can be seen the dense clouds of sulphurous smoke exuding from Bromo, the world's most active crater and an object of veneration among the Indian people of this region

A MORNING MIST COVERS THE ARID WASTES OF THE SAND SEA : Rising above the plain are the regular outlines of Batok volcano, while in the background Bromo, hidden by an intervening hill and less spectacular in appearance, lets out a continuous roar of subterranean thunder as fleecy clouds of sulphurous smoke rise from its vast furnaces to emphasise the solemnity of the scene. The Indian people of Java recognise in this terror-haunted landscape the point "where time touches eternity and natural forces blend with occult influences." The Sand Sea was originally the base of the Tengger volcano, which existed before Bromo and Batok were cast up from the depths in one gigantic eruption

JAVA, AND ITS CENTURIES-OLD RELIGIOUS MONUMENTS: An insurgent leader encouraging his men in the fighting in the Indonesian highlands. In the background is one of the giant Buddhistic figures with which the island is dotted—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

RELIGION and SUPERSTITION in the TROUBLED FAR EAST

Officially the Javanese are Mohammedan, but scant regard is paid to the maintenance or embellishment of mosques, as in other Eastern lands. In recent times, the native Javan has reacted to all kinds of superstitious beliefs and observances which date from idolatrous days. In fact, it has been said that the more primitive natives have no abstract idea concerning religion at all. Scattered over Java there are to be seen strange carved figures, such as the one which appears in Edward Osmond s drawing. They may be survivals of Buddhist influence and frequently bear evidence of Indian origins, as in the case of this strangely-stomached figure. It is one of a pair of temple guardians cut from a single piece of stone

IN PEKING POLITICS INVADE EVEN THE TEMPLE COURTYARD: A Taoist priest is seated in contemplation before the great incense burner, while a group of Manchus holds forth regarding the latest tidings of Nationalist and Communist activity—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Taoism is one of the four principal religions of China, and in its general form and tenets has a resemblance to Confucianism. It somewhat resembles the Western belief of the Quietists, placing much value on introspection as a means to obtaining religious exaltation. Taoism is very popular with the lesser Chinese folk; in the course of time it would appear to have fallen away from its original conception and to have become in practice much adulterated with priestly jugglery. In some of the greatest Taoist temples, however, it can assume outward forms of dignity, especially if one chances to visit a Taoist temple during a convocation of priests. Such an assembly is thus described: "More than 200 priests were gathered at the temple. The priests had taken their places inside the temple and in the great stone-flagged court, all attired in loose, dark-blue robes, wearing Taoist caps with open crowns showing a topknot of hair held by a single pin, like the Korean and Loochoan coiffeur of to-day and the universal fashion in the Ming times. Seven higher priests in brilliant red stoles stood at intervals down the central path or aisle of the court, where the great bronze incense burner gave out curls of fragrant smoke. The voice of the high priest far within the temple was lifted in a chant, the priests on the steps responded, a bell vibrated in the sanctuary, and all the priests knelt in unison and struck their foreheads upon the stones. Three times they made this obeisance and this prostration in concert; the great sweep forward of all the robed figures was like the bending and bowing to Mecca in a crowded mosque"

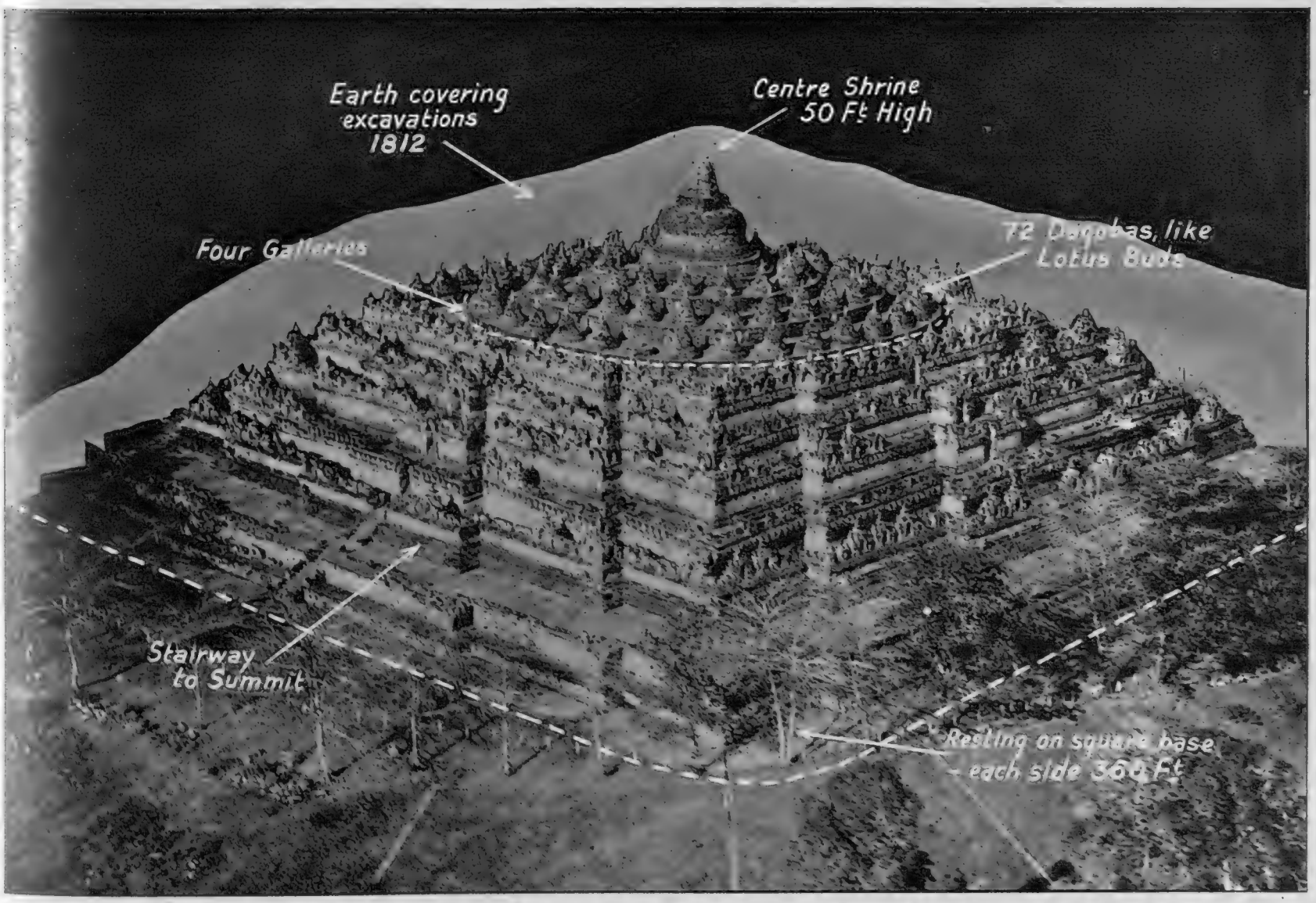
The WONDERS of BORO-BUDUR

Hidden away in the centre of Java stands the marvellous Buddhist Temple of Boro-Budur. It was erected thirteen centuries after the death of Gautama Buddha, being begun about 850 A.D., and took many years to construct. The main object of this marvellous structure was to enshrine some veritable relics of the great Buddha, but of the real history of the shrine little is known.

Boro-Budur stands in what is known as the Garden of Java, not very far from Jokjokarta. Situated on a low hill, it looks over a scene of great beauty. Here the builders piled up a most imposing temple, consisting of eight terraces, rectangular at the base, the three topmost being circular. No part of the structure was left uncarved, and there are no less than 500 arcaded shrines, containing life-size figures of Buddha. Along the walls of the terraces are finely-cut reliefs, giving the full life history of Buddha, and the whole series, still sharp as if fresh from the sculptor's hands, represent a picture of life in the ninth century A.D. There are no inscriptions.

On the circular terraces there are seventy-two bell-shaped dagobas, through whose lattice work one sees seated Buddhas, all looking towards the stupa, which rises 50 ft. above them on the summit, and which once contained the relics. For some reason, lost in the mists of time, but probably because Islam superseded the Buddhist faith, Boro-Budur was deserted, and the inevitable happened. Tropical growth spread all over the rich and splendid temple. For six centuries Boro-Budur disappeared till it was re-discovered in 1812, during the brief British occupancy under Sir Stamford Raffles. English engineers gathered 200 coolies and set to work to clear away the deeply-rooted vegetation, having to leave the completion of the work to the Dutch Government. The temple has been thoroughly cleared and well cared for, and those who now visit it are lost in wonder at the marvellous conception.

THE LARGEST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT OF ALL THE HINDU TEMPLES OF JAVA: The central shrine surrounded by smaller bell-shaped cupolas at the summit of the hill of Boro-Budur, one of the great architectural marvels of the world. Boro-Budur lies in the residency of Kedu, not far from Jokjokarta, and is, strictly speaking, not a temple, but a hill rising about 150 ft. above the plain and encased with imposing terraces constructed of hewn lava blocks and crowded with sculptures—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE IMPOSING TERRACES OF THE TEMPLE OF BORO-BUDUR, a hill rising 150 ft. above the plain in the Jokjokarta region of Java: A general view of the great shrine, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century was almost completely covered with earth and undergrowth, its marvellous sculptures hidden from the light of day. During the time of Sir Stamford Raffles, Boro-Budur was re-discovered, and since then British and Dutch archæologists have carried out a steady programme of clearance and rehabilitation. From basement to summit the whole hill presents a great picture-bible of the Hindu creed

ASPECTS OF HOME NEWS

Launching the "Anchorite" at Barrow: Scaling Nelson's Column: Pianos for Export: Miners in the Making

A SUBMARINE LAUNCHING WHICH WAS WITNESSED BY THREE V.C.s: The 1,200-ton A-Class submarine "Anchorite" entering the water at Vickers-Armstrongs, Barrow, after being launched by Mrs. Creasy, wife of Rear-Admiral G. E. Creasy. Present as guests for the occasion were three men who had each won the Victoria Cross in midget submarines

Lieut. B. C. G. Place, V.C., Lieut. I. E. Fraser, V.C., and Leading Seaman J. T. Magennis, V.C., all three of whom won their decorations in midget submarines built by Vickers at Barrow, were guests of the firm for the launching of the new submarine *Anchorite*, and subsequently attended a luncheon and reception at which they were presented with gold cigarette-cases on behalf of the workmen in the naval yard and in recognition of their feats. The *Anchorite* is the 107th submarine to have been launched from the Barrow Yards since the outbreak of war in 1939

NELSON HAS A VISITOR: Mr. Syd Larkin, Office of Works steeplejack, coolly smokes a cigarette as he surveys the giant figure of the Admiral after scaling the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. Every twenty-five years or so a steeplejack ascends the monument to see how it is weathering time, and this occasion was one of special importance, as experts, using powerful field-glasses, had discerned an unusual white streak round the statue's middle, which it was thought might be the result of bomb blast. Nothing of an alarming nature was brought to light during the inspection

ONE WAY OF SOLVING THE HOUSING PROBLEM: Mr. V. H. Hobbs, of Topsham, South Devon, with his wife and elder child, standing near their new purchase, a demobilised infantry landing-craft, which he is now converting into a comfortable home on the Exeter Canal near Topsham. The vessel will have electric light throughout

A LONG FAREWELL TO ENGLAND: English wives of American soldiers pictured with their children as they boarded a bus at Tidworth en route to Perham Camp. This was the first stage of their journey to America to rejoin their husbands, and at Perham all arrangements were made for their embarkation on the S.S. "Argentina." The party included 600 brides and 200 children

PLAYING A PART IN BRITAIN'S EXPORT DRIVE: Craftsmen engaged in assembly at a British piano factory, where orders for overseas are being carried out on an extending scale, and the switch-over from war contracts has been completed in quick time. British instruments are known the world over for their superb finish

The high-speed switch-over from war to peace production, one of the first essentials in lending wings to Britain's export drive, is well exemplified in the piano industry, where factories, which only a few months ago were engaged in war contracts, are now producing goods for our markets abroad. At Bentley's, where these pictures were taken, fifteen pianos a week are now being exported, and, as men return from the Services at an increasing pace, this figure will be gradually raised to 100. At the present moment South Africa is proving the largest buyer of pianos, possibly because she has been enjoying boom conditions in her gold industry, while Sweden, South America, Australia and New Zealand are also placing large orders in Britain

FITTING THE ACTION TO A 1946 PIANO: A craftsman at work in Bentley's factory, where fifteen pianos a week are now being turned out for Britain's fast-developing export trade

SOIL STERILISATION IN A WORCESTERSHIRE MARKET GARDEN: Austrian prisoners of war at work in the glasshouses at Beckford, where, after six years of intensive growing, the soil is now being given an overhaul. The man on the right is taking the temperature as high-pressure steam courses through the pipes, carrying out complete cleansing

FLOODING THE STERILISED GROUND AT THE BECKFORD GLASSHOUSES after high-pressure steam has been passed through the soil in order to clean it; a work carried out by Austrian prisoners of war. During the past six years there has been such intensive cultivation in these glasshouses that this complete overhaul is rendered absolutely necessary before the next tomato crop is raised. Tomato plants are usually sown in January in the stove house and are transferred sometime in March to an intermediate house

PREPARING FOR A LIFETIME IN THE MINES: William Hare and Raymond Birchlearn engaged in loading a truck at the South Nottingham Occupational Training Centre. This Centre takes boys who have just left school, and in its model coal-mine, complete with up-to-date machinery, initiates them into the practical side of their work. The course of training lasts three months, and it is already being found that it produces competent workers right from the start, eventually contributing to the efficiency of the coalfield

WHEN SCOTLAND YARD HAS A "HUE-CRY"

Dialling 999 and Whitehall 1212 Will Set in Motion the "Q"-cars, the Patrol Cars and the Motor-boats

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE present crime-wave is partly caused by the 500 American deserters and the thousands of British and Polish ditto who have to live on their wits because they have no ration-books or proper means of livelihood. Its extent is shown by the numbers of people who daily dial 999 or Whitehall 1212. These aggregate anything from 300 to 600 in the twenty-four hours. Incidentally, the dialling of 999 cuts out the Scotland Yard switchboard operator and is therefore even quicker. It must not be supposed, of course, that every 999 telephone call demands immediate attention by Scotland Yard. In many cases the requests for police aid should be, and are later, referred to the local police station. Thus, every Saturday night, licensees of public-houses telephone by the score for assistance in removing drunks. Women and men telephone to say that they have lost anything from their child in the street to a handbag in a taxi or a dog in a park. In this connection, unless the circumstances are exceedingly suspicious, all action *re* missing persons is left to the local police station.

Many housewives will dial 999 if they do not like the look of a pedlar or street canvasser. Often, too, couples who turn out to have been merely courting are described by agitated householders as "persons obviously loitering with intent."

Hoaxes are very rare. The other day someone dialled 999 and announced that a dead body was to be found in a shop at a certain street address. News was flashed to the nearest patrol-car and, sure enough, the information was correct—the shop was an undertaker's shop. Very occasionally children ring up as a joke, but the first peremptory question results in wild giggles and the hoax is disclosed.

I have just been paying my first visit as a crime reporter to Scotland Yard since 1924. The atmosphere is very different from what it used to be.

My visit was to inspect the dully-named Information Room at Scotland Yard. This, in fact, is the big, dramatic room into which all 999 calls are automatically transmitted. Each call illuminates a red, yellow or green bulb, and one of the several police telephone clerks at once interrogates the caller, jots down the information and, where necessary, passes it out to the duty officer for retransmission to the nearest police patrol-car which is in radio contact with Scotland Yard.

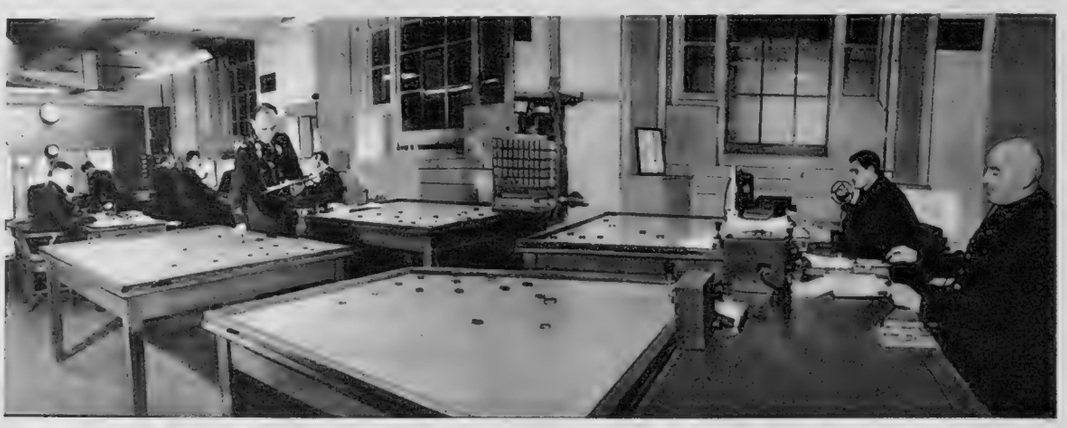
It is only since last August that a number of these patrol-cars have been equipped with radio-telephony enabling direct speech. The majority are equipped with W.T., several of these having a two-way contact with the Yard. The advantages of R.T. is that it does not need a specially-trained police officer to work the transmission, and in view of the great shortage of police officers, this is of paramount importance. Only two days' training on R.T. is necessary to learn the drill, compared with the lengthy course required for learning W.T. and reaching a good speed for reception and transmission.

The actual time saved by R.T. is very little. There are at least 200 code phrases which cover every angle of crime. Thus, while I was in the Information Room, the following message was transmitted to a W.T. patrol-car: "298 KR KI X367 X286." This means that the patrol-car was to contact the occupier of 298, King's Road, Ilford, on the subject of suspected larceny.

There are enough of these patrol-cars, mostly Humbers and Railtons, to enable any house in Central London to be reached within five minutes (it is often only two minutes) and within a quarter of an hour if the house is somewhere in the outer suburbs, like Uxbridge or Harrow.

In the Information Room there are four big tables covered with large-scale maps. On them, at all hours of the day and night, are numbers of button-like objects each denoting a patrol-car. Some have a red ring round them, which means that they are on an assignment. Others have a white ring, showing that the crew are temporarily at a police station preferring a charge against some person or persons whom they have just arrested. Still others have a black ring round them, showing that they are out of action (this is suitably rare). If they are upside-down it means that the crew are having refreshment, which will always be at a police station, so that they are immediately available if required. The tour of duty for each patrol-car and crew is eight hours, the crew consisting of anything from two to four men. They are allotted to divisions and sub-sectors. Of these there are twenty-three.

In addition, there are "Q"-cars and police motor patrol-boats, on the Thames. The duties of the latter are evident. Quite apart from criminal investigation, they are used to prevent suicides by people jumping off bridges, and for collecting corpses in the river. "Q"-cars are manned by plain-clothes men. Their job is primarily to maintain observation of suspected persons and premises. There are fewer of them and they have a bigger range of action. It seems surprising, however, that, like the vast majority of police cars, they should be painted black, and that no attempt is made to conceal their character, in spite of the fact that the crew are not in uniform.



WHERE ALL 999 CALLS ARE AUTOMATICALLY TRANSMITTED: This is the Information Room at Scotland Yard and the scene of quick-fire action as the telephonists (on left) receive news of crime and accidents in the London area. In the centre are table-maps plotting the minute-to-minute position of all patrol-cars, and it is the duty of the two officers on the right to contact the patrols and give them their instructions in code. During the current crime-wave the Information Room is, of course, a centre of intense activity

During the twenty-four hours up to my leaving the Information Room, there had been 242 emergency calls from police stations, 29 from police in the streets telephoning from call-boxes, and 141 from members of the public. It was not possible to tell how many of those calls had resulted in actual arrests, but a normal day's takings as a result of radio contact is five arrests for stealing motor-cars, ten arrests for breaking into private houses and other buildings, two arrests of suspected persons and seven arrests for other misdemeanours and felonies.

A particularly smart job was pulled off by a patrol-car in Paddington. At six minutes past five o'clock one of the fifteen bulbs in the Information Room suddenly illuminated itself. The police telephone clerk took a message from a householder in Portsea Place, off the Edgware Road. The message was to the effect that she believed that somebody was endeavouring to burgle the house next door. At 6½ minutes past five o'clock the message had been received by a patrol-car in radio contact with Scotland Yard. At 7½ minutes past five o'clock a man with an axe was arrested at the indicated address and removed to the nearest police station. It was lucky, of course, that the patrol-car was so close to the scene of the crime, but one feels that the burglar, if he were an old-stager, must have thought it practically cheating to be grabbed so quickly.

At eighteen minutes past five o'clock another bulb illuminated, and the telephone clerk took a message from a householder in Hendon giving information about a larceny. At twenty-two minutes past five o'clock two police patrol-cars appeared on the scene. The two youths who had stolen a handbag were arrested at six o'clock precisely, some distance away.

At 7 p.m. an Italian telephoned to say that he had been robbed of £6 at King's Cross. At two minutes past seven a police car arrived. At thirty-two minutes past seven the suspected pickpocket was picked up.

At twenty-six minutes past seven a man in the East End rang up to say that his watch had been stolen and that he had just seen the suspect in a pub. A rendezvous was made with him and a "Q"-car. This arrived six minutes later and the suspect was in the police station before he had finished his pint of beer.

Then a policeman telephoned from a call-box to say that a blue motor-car containing rolls of carpets had passed him in the direction of Hackney Marshes. At once a message went out "calling all cars." The driver was stopped in a matter of minutes, interrogated, and allowed to proceed. It is rather pleasing, by the way, to find that the good old English phrase "hue and cry" (I wonder what's the origin of "hue"?) is still retained by Scotland Yard, though they have abbreviated it to "hue-cry." It is used on these major occasions, when all patrol-cars are informed on their short-wave of some incident or other.

One of the main duties of these police patrols is to recover stolen motor-cars. Last month no fewer than 1,081 were stolen, of which 974 were recovered. This month's figures will show almost exactly the same numbers stolen and numbers recovered. On V J-night alone, over 300 motor-cars were stolen.

It is fantastic, incidentally, that the Act of 1930 permits people to steal motor-cars without being subject to any important penalty unless the vehicle has been stolen for actual law-breaking. To prove theft of a car or other vehicle it is necessary to show that the thief intended to deprive the owner permanently of it. This means that anybody who has missed the last train or omnibus home can steal a car, drive it home, abandon it and then be subject only to a minor fine. It is high time this was amended.

One great advantage of police cars equipped with R.T. is that they can tag on to stolen or otherwise suspicious-looking motor-cars and still talk to Scotland Yard, describing every phase of the chase without having to stop at a telephone booth and ring up, as would be necessary if they had only one-way W.T.

I understand that a short documentary film to be called "999" is in process of preparation. It will be interesting to see whether Scotland Yard is as frank about its methods of detection as the F.B.I. has been in the admirable picture *The House on 92nd Street*. But in view of the fact that even now reporters are not allowed to go out with police in the patrol-cars, it seems unlikely. By contrast, newspaper photographers in New York are allowed their own "walkie-talkie" sets, so that they can listen to short-wave instructions between police stations and patrol-cars and thus appear on the scene of the crime or incident almost as quickly as the police.

A POLICE CHIEF JOINS THE RANKS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE: Sir Percy Shillitoe, Chief Constable of Kent, who, at the Prime Minister's invitation, has accepted the appointment of Director on the staff of the Imperial General Staff. Sir Percy, who is fifty-seven, has played a leading part in developing wireless for police uses, and he has also helped to foster the teleprinter system. In 1926 he went to Sheffield, where gangsterism and razor attacks were rife; and he was so successful in his work there that, five years later, he was appointed Chief Constable of Glasgow to deal with that city's many gangsters. Sir Percy's new appointment, which brings him into the Civil Service, starts at the end of April

THE JAP VERSION OF THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: An impression of the "Butterfly Dance" number in the Japanese musical show staged in a Tokyo theatre—evidently with the intention of attracting American soldier audiences. It is an all-Japanese effort, but ingeniously reminiscent of Broadway and alien to anything seen on the Japanese stage in recent years

A STRANGE STORY from JAPAN

A Ziegfeld-type Musical Show with Japanese Chorus Girls in Tokyo

GAUCHO FROM NIPPON: Another spectacularly un-Japanese number in the all-Japanese musical version of the Ziegfeld Follies, which was recently presented at a Tokyo theatre. The male dancer certainly belies his Asiatic origin, while the Amazonian jungle background lends an added air of realism to the scene. The chorus girls are Japanese

CHIYOKO GETS READY FOR THE SHOW: The star of the Japanese Follies powders her legs as she prepares for her appearance on the stage. Tights, blouses and evening gowns replace the kimono in this energetic attempt to copy the American theatre and to meet the needs of the great U.S. Army of Occupation

While Japanese politicians shape themselves to Allied needs, the Japanese theatre also attempts to ingratiate itself with the conquerors, as witness the realistic version of the Ziegfeld Follies staged recently at a Tokyo theatre. The idea of the production was undoubtedly to attract American soldier-audiences, and the producers, banning the kimono and everything Asiatic, certainly did their work thoroughly, even to the extent of producing a leading lady of singular charm. Life in Tokyo to-day is gay in the extreme, and, by all accounts, the American soldier is enjoying himself to the full surrounded by an oriental feminine population that is far from hostile

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE RIGHT USE OF LEISURE.—In the course of business, I have been reading many bundles of old letters written by a young lady of the inner circle of the Privileged Class between the years 1889 and 1899—the last of the high kicks of the long, long Age of Privilege. They very vividly document one aspect of the pre-Edwardian Age. I can say at once that, were it not that the writer was commendably relevant, quite free from self-consciousness, abounding in zest for living, and charitable and witty in description of people and events, I should turn from my task in revolt. For her letters, which are continuous, document an existence which for ten years was for almost every week of each year a round of *distractions* and a never-ending struggle to fulfil the complicated and elaborate conditions necessary to secure those distractions in the manner dictated by Fashion.

A daughter of a Great House, she was concerned in January with the Hunt Balls and with house-parties of hunting-men and of shooters for the last covert shoots. In February she usually went abroad with one of her parents. In March she would be in London buying clothes. April might be the one "holiday" month of the year. From May to July she was engaged all day and all night, five days a week, with the London Season, Ascot, and so on, and with week-ends in the country. At the end of July the Goodwood fortnight kept her busier than ever at home with house-parties and their composition and entertainment. From August until October (when it was time to return south for the cub hunting and the partridge shooting) she was on a non-stop round of visits to country houses in Scotland, perpetually engaged in killing time and finding bolt-holes to fill gaps between visits in the jigsaw of her round. The partridge shooting entailed a succession of parties, and, with the opening meet and the covert shooting, hunting-men and their horses, guns and their loaders, filled the house and stables to overflowing until Christmas came, with a huge family party to be entertained, and the Hunt Balls to be dealt with once more.

Unfair Criticism.—It is perfectly true that such chronicles of the privileged life at the end of the Victorian era are bound to raise the hackles of a majority of readers in the austerity age of the '40's. You cannot look back, across the gulf of two major social revolutions and two total wars, to the world behind the gulf without regarding that old world as an "impossible" state of affairs, and a very reprehensible state at that. For revolutions are always regarded as progress and are assumed to be brought about by a majority desire to make the world a better and a nobler and more equitable place of opportunity for all.

But it is not justice to condemn out of hand the individuals who followed the practices of that dead age—and that is where the amateur historian constantly trips up.

The school of amateurs who followed Lytton Strachey in debunking the Great Victorians, all went too far, were all too one-sided and sweeping. Your historian may perhaps broadly condemn an Era. He certainly cannot justly condemn in sweeping generalities the individuals who followed the fashions of that Era. The privileged class of 1890 did but pursue and enjoy, as best they could, the conditions of their own day, which it was not in their individual power to amend or alter; they followed the customs now deplored without any sense of guilt, without self-consciousness, gracefully, if they were graceful, decent folk; vulgarly only if they were vulgar imitators or apers of gentility. And more than that, they enjoyed them with the full approval of their own humble retainers and followers, who themselves were ever concerned to raise themselves to a position which would give them also a share of those good things.

And more than that again. The old cliché *noblesse oblige* was by no means a dead letter even in the middle of the Edwardian Age. The big landlord enjoyed his privileges and luxuries and leisure as a matter of course, but he carried out his trusteeship and responsibilities to the best of his ability. Nor were those responsibilities trivial in his day.

Mere Patronage and Easy Charity?—We condemn that trusteeship as charity and patronage to-day. We ought never to forget that the conditions under which great landowners then still lived were neither of their seeking nor within their individual power to reform.

The great house was still the sun round which scores of small satellites revolved. Its influence might embrace the lives of many of the inhabitants of a country town and a score of villages. The estate found employment for a hierarchy of rustic craftsmen, son succeeding father in the estate yards, gardens, woods, as carpenters, gardeners, keepers, farm hands, servants of all kinds. The big house gave an impetus to local trade and all forms of initiative, and was still the first court of appeal in time of trouble. No doubt, the ordered life within the walls of privilege induced a certain simplicity of mind in the great landlords. They were so lapped in security, so accustomed to deference, that they were often quite unable to detect stirrings and changes of thought outside in the world beyond their park gates. But that very simplicity was a proof of innocence and, revealed as it quite often was in a fine simplicity of manners, it was a graceful thing.

For our young lady, too, life the year round might appear from her diaries and letters to be one long expensive round of fashionable pleasures and time-killing. But in truth she, too, had her duties and responsibilities, like her father and mother; and, like them, she took them for granted and did not record them. She taught in the Sunday school, visited the cottages, carried (no doubt) the now ridiculed "soup-cans" to the sick. Patronage and charity—perhaps. But was she to be blamed for not carrying through Parliament a wide measure of social reform which would put things on a more equitable basis and secure independence and social security to the labouring classes? Be just to her and to her father. How many *statesmen* since her youth have tried (and failed) to build a brave, new world! At least she performed her simple duties with grace and charm and true sympathy, and she brought the sunshine with her into the musty cottage living-rooms.

A Juster Perspective.—I have sometimes declared that Eleanor Glyn's once famous best-seller *The Visits of Elizabeth* (throw in, if you will, Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*), is the best historical document illustrating the Edwardian Era. But in that declaration, I have been as sweeping and as one-sided as any amateur of the Strachey school. It is a fine illustration of one aspect of that era, an aspect which gave it its name for unexampled vulgarity and selfishness. It illustrates the lives of the apes of fashion, the new-rich, who, without the trusteeship and unconscious of the responsibilities, of riches, sucked down and gobbled up the sweets of wealth and privilege, and helped to bring our world about our ears.

Justice, knowledge, discrimination, all these must convince the sincere social historian that those late Victorians knew a great deal more than we know to-day of the art of living, of the right use of leisure and of the graces of existence, and could have employed them without the adventitious aids of wealth, which, indeed, they took utterly for granted, enjoyed without consciousness of guilt, and valued no more than you and I to-day value the certainty that there will be hot coffee for breakfast (even if we must wash up the cups when we have drunk it).

It would be crude and childish to compare the uses of leisure to-day and yesterday. To-day there is much less of it about, and what there is is much more widely shared.

The old-fashioned, no doubt, still believe that the art of conversation was a grace of leisure and that it is gone; that the movies and the night club are a poor exchange for the salon and the opera season, and the cocktail party for the "drums" and evening parties. These past features were never available to the many, and could not be revived to-day by the few, if they would. What is, is; and what was is . . . for record and memory. But the record need not be prejudiced nor the memories bitter and unfair. Some of the Victorians, with leisure to spare, set posterity an example of how to use it gracefully.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

KEYBOARD EXHIBITIONIST: Gunner R. Lancaster, of the Australian Artillery, playing a piano while standing on his head. He volunteered to do this feat if any member of the audience at a Victory Loan Rally in Melbourne would invest £200

VIC OLIVER CONDUCTS: The celebrated comedian leading his own orchestra of 100 musicians in the Royal Albert Hall concert, "Music for the Millions"

PASSING FAIR: Ex-Corporal Bobbie Kimber as one of the ugly sisters in *Cinderella* at the Adelphi Theatre; he also does a ventriloquial act still dressed as a girl

***On right*—NEWLYWEDS:** Carol Lynne, who is to star in a forthcoming Cochran production, and Bernard Delfont, the producer, seen outside Caxton Hall after their marriage

THEY SHARED A RAFT, NOW THEY SHARE A DRESSING-ROOM: Diana Dawson and her understudy, Kay Livingstone, are engaged in the same production at the Whitehall Theatre in the comedy "Worm's Eye View." They first struck up a friendship in 1943 when their ship was torpedoed en route to North Africa on an Ensa tour, and they spent twelve hours together on a raft

Two New Plays

—Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

A DOLL'S HOUSE (Winter Garden).—When "a new version" of *A Doll's House* was announced, I envisaged, considering the locality, a musical treatment on the grand scale, with a chorus of Norwegian glamour girls, a ballet, sentimental ballads for Nora and all the usual stuff. Fortunately, this did not happen. The sole novelty was the substitution of Mr. Norman Ginsbury for the late William Archer as translator. Whether Mr. Ginsbury translated from Ibsen or Archer I know not. His dialogue seemed satisfactory—at any rate, what I heard of it. There was no question, however, of the excellence of Miss Angela Baddeley's Nora—the best thing she has done since *The Light of Heart*. Of the rest, Mr. Abraham Sofaer stood out as that nasty bit of work, Krogstad. But conditions generally were against gaining recruits for the Ibsen public.

Death of a Rat (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Lovers of intensely difficult crossword puzzles and other brain-wearing complexities should be attracted by this intensely difficult play, by Jan de Hartog, a very brainy young political Dutchman. The heroine dies as the result of a kiss from the man who loves her, because she is physically moribund and, it seemed, rather queer mentally, with her spate of talk about astronomy, astrology, metaphysics, science and clairvoyance. A rat also dies, but as it does not appear on the stage, I cannot vouch for its knowledge of all these subjects. But little else happens except lots and lots of chatter about lots and lots of recondite subjects, with the girl (Miss Pamela Brown) and a professor (Mr. Alastair Sim) interested largely in cancer research, as the most voluble of a clever company of four. A cancer operation would be a positive carnival compared with this dreadfully intellectual play.

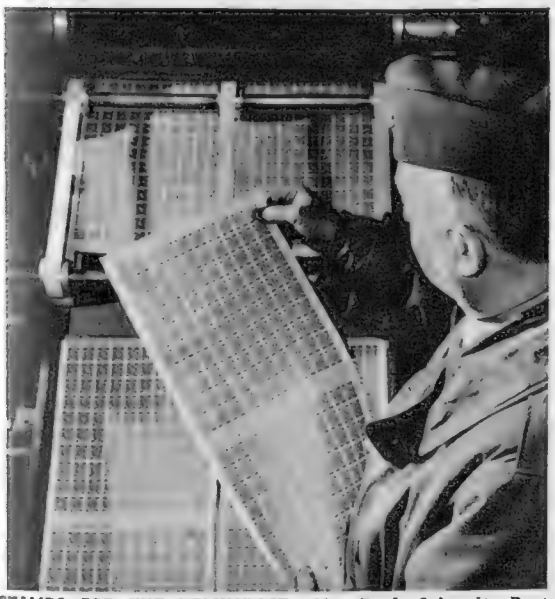
From BRITISH and AMERICAN ZONES

OPENING A NEW AND VITAL TRANSPORT LINK IN OCCUPIED GERMANY : The procession of cars crossing the new Alexander Patch highway bridge over the Rhine at Mainz at the opening conducted by Lieut.-General Geoffrey Keyes, Commander of the U.S. Seventh Army. The bridge named after the late General Patch, who led the Allied forces in the invasion of Southern France, constitutes a vital link between the American Zone of Germany and Western Europe, and it has a companion railbridge named after General Marshall, the former American Chief of Staff. The road bridge has a span of 2,000 ft. with 227 steel piers, and it is said to have taken 500,000 man-hours to complete. There is room for barge traffic to pass beneath the central spans

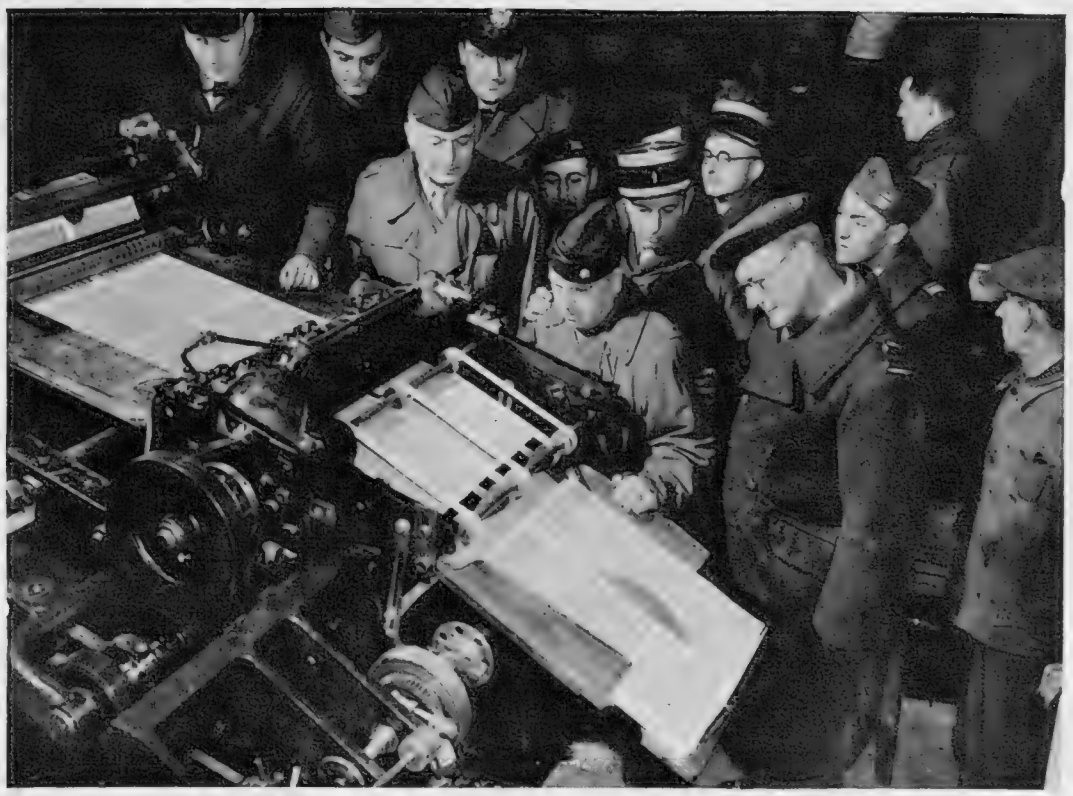
THE COMMANDER OF THE U.S. SEVENTH ARMY OPENS THE MAINZ ROAD BRIDGE : Lieut.-General Geoffrey Keyes using a rifle and bayonet to cut the tape at the inaugural ceremony when this vital new link in the Rhineland was opened to traffic

VISCOUNT GWYNEDD MOUNTS THE NUREMBERG GUARD : Earl Lloyd George's heir, and grandson of the late David Lloyd George, inspecting men of his company in the 2nd battalion, the Welch Guards, before they went on duty at the Palace of Justice, Nuremberg. British, Russian, French and American units are taking it in turn to do the guard duties during the trial of the Nazi leaders. Now that the more urgent work of the garrison force has been completed, great attention is being paid to smartness of turn-out in the Army of the Rhine, and in every brigade in the British Zone the guard-mounting ceremonial is carried out in public

STILL A PLACE OF TRAGEDY : Blankets and suitcases lying outside Hut No. 83 at Dachau, where nine Russian subjects committed suicide when American troops attempted to evacuate them to Russia. Fearing accusations of treason on reaching the Soviet Union, the men barricaded themselves in the hut, set the place on fire and then stripped off their clothes and called on the American guards to shoot them. The Americans loosed tear gas into the flaming building, but were too late to save nine of the twenty-seven men. The Russians were all anticipating that they would stand trial on their return, as the Soviet had asked for their extradition



STAMPS FOR THE REICHSPOST : Mr. P. J. Schardt, Postmaster-General in the United States Zone, examining some of the first stamps to be printed



THE NEW ISSUE OF GERMAN STAMPS : Members of the Allied Military Government watching the first sheets as they came off the press at a Berlin printing works. Standing in the foreground is Mr. F. H. S. Grant, Director-General of Post and Telegraph Communications in the British section of the Control Commission, and next to him are Colonel Pruvost (France) and Major Helmick (the United States). The whole postal system in Germany is now undergoing reorganisation, as the various zones have hitherto been cut off from each other postally, and, except by underground means, it has been impossible for Germans in Berlin to communicate with relatives in the Rhineland or Bavaria

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

FIGHTING the BATTLE of BLOOMSBURY

The Trials and Tribulations of Press Censorship Told by Francis Williams; Dennis Stoll Disappoints in His Latest Novel of Anglo-Indian Life

MR. FRANCIS WILLIAMS' PRESS, PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is a book on a subject which is under active discussion in Government circles at the present moment. In his position as Controller of News and Censorship at the Ministry of Information, and subsequently as Chief Press Officer to the British Delegation at San Francisco, Mr. Williams is in a unique position to take his reader behind the scenes of wartime censorship, and to show the ordinary man how Governments treat, and attempt to influence, public opinion.

There is evidence that, on the whole, the Americans understand these things better than we do, although it is still a matter of conjecture whether, in the last analysis, their methods are more successful. It is the plain truth, for instance, that Mr. Winston Churchill seldom, if ever, gave a Press conference to British journalists, while the Press conferences of the late Mr. Roosevelt were a standing feature of his administration. Mr. Churchill has always claimed to be a good House of Commons man, and in rendering his account to the nation was always scrupulous to do so in the House. Only on the rarest occasions did Mr. Roosevelt so take Congress into his confidence. Nevertheless, it should be noted that both statesmen were skilled in the use of the microphone whenever they considered it expedient to make an address direct to the people.

We may all remember that the Ministry of Information, in its early days, was built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark, and that there were moments when the noise and strife from the battle of Bloomsbury echoed more thunderously through Fleet Street than the Battle of Britain. Practitioners in Government information and Government public relations work are rather like the lady who walked through the fields in gloves. Certainly they have been attacked unsparingly both at Westminster and in Whitehall. The politician sees in them a group of tendentious agents boasting Government policy and, in some invidious cases, individual Ministers. On the other hand, there is a school of Civil Servants, notoriously entrenched in the Treasury, who believe that the Press and the public should be told as little as possible about anything.

In spite of such handicaps, these Government services not only grew, but flourished during the war for the simple reason that people whose liberty was being restricted and whose privacy was being invaded by Government action demanded to know more of the circumstances, and of the working of various enactments, than could be vouchsafed to them by Ministerial speeches in Parliament.

On the whole, the record of the Press during the war has been one of scrupulous fairness, and one of the subjugation of its normal freedom to the war effort as a whole. In peacetime, the problem shifts to the more interesting and, therefore, more dangerous waters in which the shoals of Party politics are apparent. Although there are signs that Mr. Francis Williams has written his book in a hurry, it is, nevertheless, a valuable conspectus and summing-up of wartime experience.

BARONESS ORCZY COMES TO ENGLAND: After living for thirty years in the South of France, the creator of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has sold her villa in Monte Carlo and will now make her home in London. She says that Monte Carlo has lost its old-time gaiety

A RARE VISITOR TO LONDON: Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labour leader of the '20's and '30's and former Cabinet Minister, recently made one of his infrequent appearances in the City, at the annual meeting of the Crystal Palace Trustees. He travelled up from Porthcawl

If you are not deterred by an obvious *parti pris* in a story, a political bias that tends to throw even the balance of a fictional story out of the true, then you may get considerable pleasure from reading Dennis Gray Stoll's new novel about India, THE DOVE FOUND NO REST (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.). Mr. Stoll is the author of another novel about Anglo-India which I remember reading with great interest for its pungent and sardonic inflexions. This time the satire is less subtly handled, the moral contrasts are more crudely presented, and the British Raj is left without a shadow of defence in the mind of any reader who accepts Mr. Stoll's premises.

All this is a pity; firstly, because he can genuinely write and because his evocation of Indian scenes is always sympathetic and sometimes very moving. Secondly, because he is evidently a writer of sensibility and a man who is convinced of the justice of the case he presents. Sooner or later it seems that this kind of thing happens to all authors of novels about contemporary Indian life. The days of the romantic story of cantonments, the bridge clubs, and the hot-weather resorts in the hills are over long ago, and that particular form of Anglo-India known to Kipling's Mrs. Hawksbee has vanished with the parasol and the visiting-card. Now all is stark, and all is politically directed.

This doesn't always add up to very good fiction even if it does denote a lively social conscience. And again, because Mr. Stoll is capable of a really good novel which one day will emerge, this is too bad.

This particular story deals with the principal inhabitants of a small village in Southern India who are summarily ejected from their homes to make room for a wartime establishment and who go to the nearest town where they can find work in the cotton-mills. From the dignity, leisure and comparative order of their village life they are transported to squalor, stench and all the vices consequent on overcrowded conditions. Under the strain their characters are finally determined, the weak sinking into misery, the courageous keeping their humour and a saving philosophy.

ODDITY—A £100 PIPE IS SOLD AT LAST: For ten years this unique pipe has adorned the shop window of Astley's, the Jermyn Street pipe-makers, and it must be known to hosts of Londoners. Now, however, the manager of the firm holds it for the last time, as it has been bought by an Indian Maharaja, who saw it, liked it, and was prepared to pay the price—£100

THE CRATER'S EDGE (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.) is a first novel by Mr. Stephen Bagnall, a kind of spiritual autobiography of a young soldier who is left to die on the battlefield. During these last hours his mind goes back over the emotional and spiritual experiences of his short life, tasting again all the happiness and the pain, and constantly seeking for an answer to the problem of life itself, and for a faith in which to meet his death.

This is a book which must be called a considerable achievement, concerned as it is only with the things of the mind and the spirit. It is written with controlled emotion and not over-written. Only the circumstances of the boy's wounding make this a war book, and these form the least part of the book's interest. Essentially, it is a study in humanity, the tale of a brief, full life leading inevitably to the one last moment of revelation.

Mr. Hugh Massingham's new novel left me sadder but not appreciably wiser. His story of a Jewish doctor and his wife who are forced, because of the prejudice against them, to leave a small English village gave me, in spite of some excellent character studies, a feeling of depression and disbelief.

THE HARP AND THE OAK (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.) briefly is the tale of a Jewish doctor and his Viennese wife who, during the war, take a small house in a village in the south of England. They are prepared to be friendly, although they have only the slightest understanding of English country people, but almost immediately they come up against a kind of wall of racial prejudice. This at first intangible feeling of opposition and enmity grows at a fantastic rate till everyone in the village is concerned in it from the butcher to the ineffectual vicar.

There is a quality of defeat about the whole thing. I could not wholly understand what the author was trying to do, and this in spite of the fact that, as I said earlier, his portraits of individuals are often brilliantly etched.

I would not have said, to have heard the title alone, that PLANT HUNTING IN CHINA (Collins. 12s. 6d.) was going to provide me with one of the winter's most delightful evenings of reading, but so it has been. Mr. E. H. M. Cox tells the story of botanical exploration in China and in the Tibetan marshes, and it falls naturally into two parts: the time when China was completely closed to all Western influence except for a few Treaty ports, and the later period when the great collectors like Wilson, Forrest and Kingdon Ward searched even the remotest country to find plants that would eventually be grown in English gardens.

The photographs, which are superb, and, if you are a gardener, even exciting, cover not only some of the varieties of the flowers found but the types of country to which the botanists penetrated.

PLEADING HER PEOPLE'S CAUSE BEFORE U.N.O.: Dr. Marka Cyzow, who has arrived in London to put before the United Nations the claims of the Lusatian Serbs for recognition of their status and for the right to unite either with their Polish or Czechoslovakian neighbours. The Lusatian Serbs, living in the Russian Zone of Germany between the Elbe and the Oder, belong to a branch of the Wendish people, and the dialect of those who are not Teutonised is that of the West Slavonic Group. A similar appeal for self-determination was made on behalf of the Wendish people at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, but nothing came of the petition. Dr. Cyzow, the present suppliant, has had an adventurous career during the war years, and she claims to have assisted General Giraud in his escape from the Koenigstein fortress

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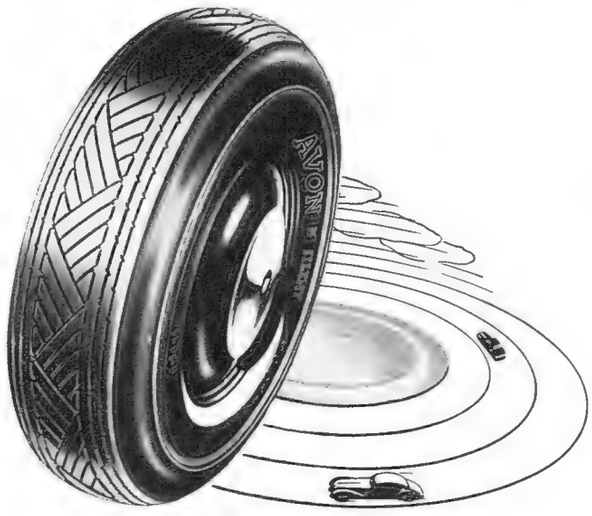

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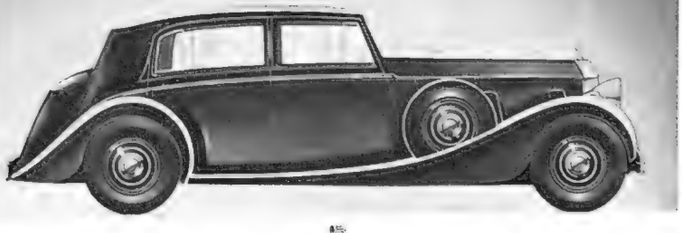

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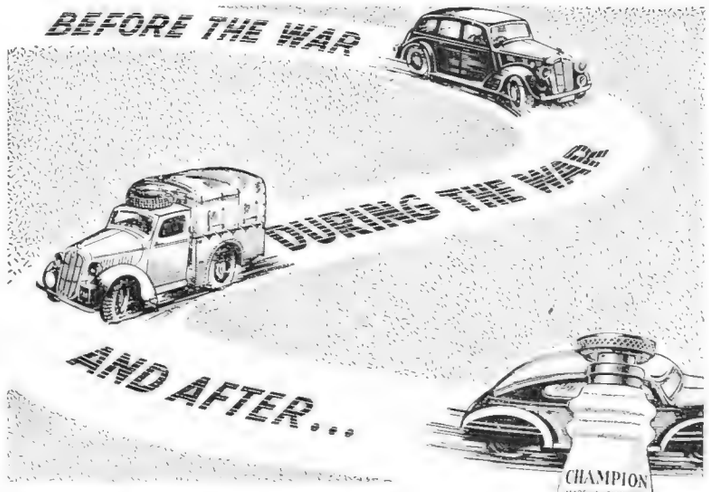

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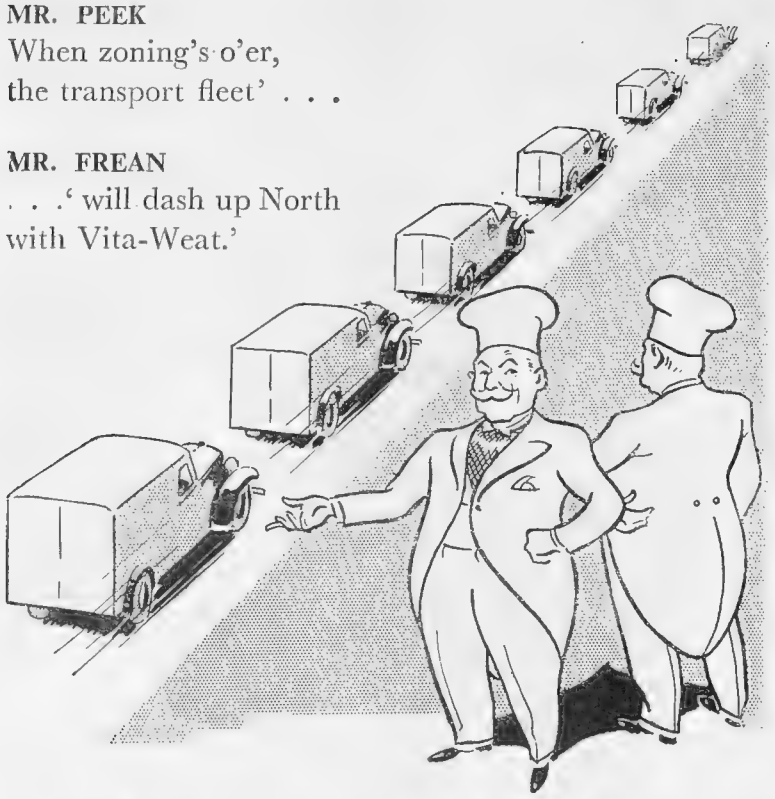

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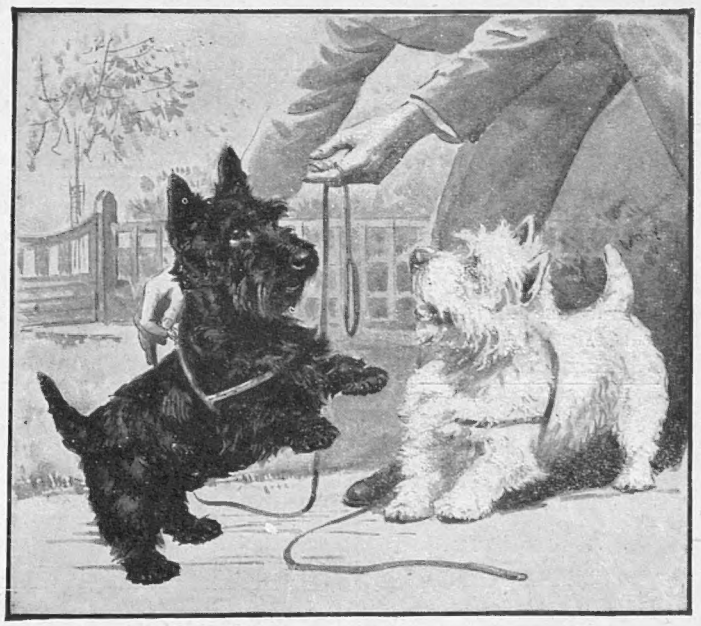

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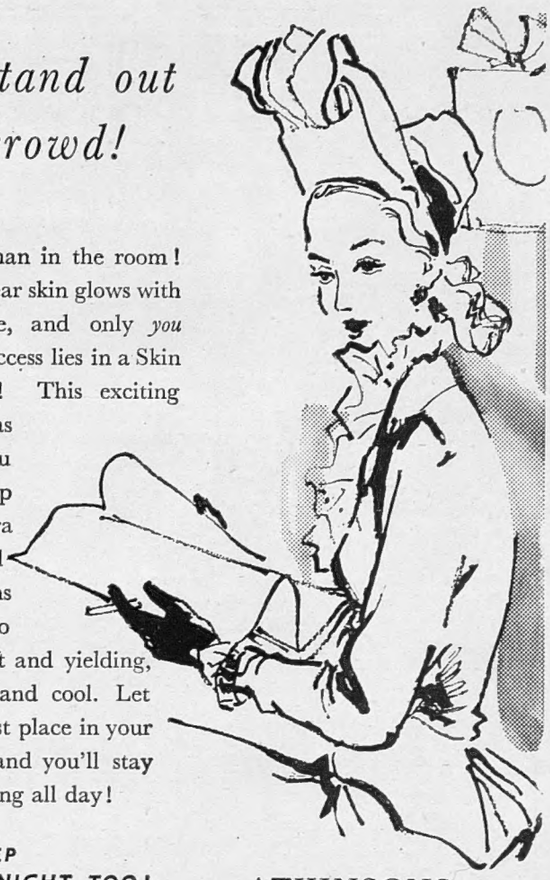

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